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# THE LIVING AGE.

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VOL. CCLXVII

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## LONDON.

For me no dark, deserted lane  
 With muddy footprints, leafless  
 banks,  
 But shops that shine the more for rain,  
 The friendly, flashing window-pane,  
 And watchful cabs in glittering  
 ranks;  
 Those country lamps burn thick and  
 brown  
 Beside the lights of London Town.

That heavy golden plume, flung high  
 As though to challenge peering stars;  
 The whisk of light where "taxis" fly,  
 And grave Big Ben against the sky:  
 The moving lines of brilliant cars:  
 The great lifts moaning up and down—  
 All these are ours in London Town.

Like captured moons the pale arcs flare,  
 Flicker a moment, dim, and blaze;  
 Above each quiet, sombre square  
 Through evening wind, on morning air,  
 The distant drone of traffic strays;  
 Let other cities smile or frown,  
 Their magic fades by London Town.

No other voice our souls can fret  
 With such desire when memory calls;  
 The Empire-circle widens, yet  
 Its farthest bounds are swayed and  
 set

Here, where the flying message falls,  
 And all that Empire's fair renown  
 Beats in the heart of London Town.

*Wilfrid L. Randell.*

*The Spectator.*

## A PIPER.

A piper in the streets to-day,  
 Set up, and tuned, and started to play,  
 And away, away, away on the tide  
 Of his music we started; on every side  
 Doors and windows were opened wide,  
 And men left down their work and  
 came,  
 And women with petticoats colored like  
 flame,  
 And little bare feet that were blue with  
 cold,  
 Went dancing back to the age of gold,  
 And all the world went gay, went gay,  
 For half an hour in the street to-day.

*Seumas O'Sullivan.*

## THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE.

Before—the unpeopled earth, strange,  
 vast and dim:  
 Behind—the avenging ranks of Cher-  
 ubim:  
 In vain they turned; no pitying tears  
 might lie  
 In eyes of such an awful purity.  
 And Eve said:  
 "Is there no respite—none—till we be  
 dead?"

From far within the gates of Paradise  
 Came sighing answer: "None! It is the  
 price."  
 Truth was among the speakers, Peace  
 and Joy  
 And Innocence—all dreaded Sin's alloy.  
 And Eve cried:  
 "Is there not one—not one with us to  
 abide?"

Then in the serried ranks was sudden  
 stir,  
 And at the gate stood Love, the Com-  
 forter;  
 Before His feet Who held the flaming  
 sword  
 Love knelt, entreating: "Let me go, my  
 lord."

And He refused.  
 "For Love," He said, "they have too  
 much abused."

"Yet would I go," Love urged, "lest, ere  
 they die,  
 They lose of Paradise all memory."  
 The Seraph yielded not. "Thou couldst  
 not bear,  
 O, Love, the sights thine eyes must look  
 on there."

And Eve prayed:  
 "O, Love! O, Love! Be not, dear Love,  
 gainsaid!"

Then Love uprose, while all the host  
 was dumb;  
 "Take courage," cried he, "for, behold,  
 I come!"  
 And to the Seraph answered: "Sights,  
 my lord?  
 (His eyes an instant touched the flam-  
 ing sword)

I shall find  
 A way to suffer all things, being blind."  
*V. H. Friedlaender.*

*The Pall Mall Magazine.*

## THE QUESTION OF THE HOUSE OF LORDS.

The Conference, from which so many men of good will hoped so much, has ended in nothing—which, perhaps, if we weigh the matter well, is not very astonishing. To suppose that eight leading players in the Party game—four Ins and four Outs—would put the interests of the country before the chances of an election gamble—is it not to expect too much of human nature? The Parliamentary correspondent of the *Times*, in announcing the fiasco, observes that a certain important suggestion, supposed to have been made during the course of the discussion, was “not one which really suits either political party when it comes to the translation of theory into practice.” Precisely. And must we not believe that such was the case with many another suggestion for a rational settlement of the matter in debate? It might have suited the country, but it did not suit “either political party.” No doubt the first question with each quaternity regarding any proposal was, “What have we to gain or to lose by it?” “And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.” It is an old indictment, and a true. I wonder whether there is anything on earth more demoralizing than this system of faction fighting which passes among us for self-government. However that may be, the leading South African journal, the *Cape Times*, is well warranted in writing:

The country is apparently to be hurried into a General Election, where the issues of the Conference will be the issues of the poll, without knowing precisely what proposals were made, by whom they were opposed or supported, and who were responsible for the final catastrophe. . . . Whether the collapse was due to unreasoning prejudice on the one side, or shameful capitulation on the other, or to both together, the sentiment of the oversea Imperialist

will be one of profound regret and disappointment that so great and promising an opportunity has been thrown away.

Yes, a great and promising opportunity has been thrown away. And the question of the House of Lords is still with us. It is, indeed, the question of the hour in British politics. And I shall proceed to consider it a little. Among the many contributions made to its solution, I incline to give a high place to Mr. Temperley's comparatively small and altogether modest volume.<sup>1</sup> The subject, as he justly observes, is vast and complex. He has endeavored to throw some light upon it by the use of the comparative method. His aim is to present to his readers “a general survey or synthesis, so far as such a process is possible, of the Upper Chambers of the English-speaking world and of the Continent,” with the view of discovering what lessons we may derive from them for our use; and he has spared no pains to make his exposition complete and trustworthy. He tells us, in his Preface, of the many professors and practical politicians whom he has personally consulted in his search for information; and he concludes his volume by “a Working Bibliography,” which is, at all events, fairly full. Moreover, he has consulted for the convenience of his readers, by preparing Tables which enable one to see, at a glance, the Method of appointment, the Restrictions on financial powers, and the Relations generally to the Lower Chambers, of Colonial and Continental Upper Chambers—an achievement for which we may well feel grateful in these days, when “half our knowledge we must snatch, not take.” Further, in

<sup>1</sup> “Senates and Upper Chambers,” by Harold W. V. Temperley, Fellow and Assistant Tutor of Peterhouse, Cambridge. London, 1910.

seven Appendices he has given details and documents for which place could not well be found in his text, further supplementing it by twenty-nine valuable pages of Notes and Illustrations. I should add that while not concealing his personal opinions, he makes no effort to enforce them by argument. His spirit seems excellently indicated in the verses of Browning with which he aptly ends his Preface:

This is the bookful: thus far take the truth,  
The untempered gold, the fact untampered with,  
The mere ring-metal, ere the ring be made:

leaving the reader, as he expresses it, to forge the ring in his own fashion.

That is the spirit in which Mr. Temperley has written his book. It is also the spirit in which I propose to write about it. Of course I could not possibly reproduce the great mass of facts which he accumulates—I must refer my readers for them to his own pages. All I can do is to exhibit his conclusions, and then to discuss the subject in my own way. And I will begin by quoting a sentence of his with which I quite agree. "In attempting a brief survey of the more important Upper Chambers of the world, in trying to discover the exact amount of analogy that is useful, and of contrast that is stimulating, the utmost caution is needed, for no two countries have the same constitutional development, and no land has a more unique one than England." The vast majority of Upper Chambers in the world have been *manufactured*. The English House of Lords has *grown*. It has become what it is "*oculto velut arbor aevo*," which can be said of no other Upper Chamber except the Hungarian: and, as Mr. Temperley very properly remarks, the processes of this secret growth defy the analysis of the intellect. Again, the system which

obtains in England—the system whereby the Executive Government is dependent upon a party majority in the Lower House—by no means universally prevails in constitutionally-governed countries. We find it in all Colonial Parliaments and in some Continental ones: but it is not recognized in the legislatures of many German States, or in those composing the American Union.

We must be very careful, then, in attempting to apply to the Question of the House of Lords the lessons which may seem deducible from the experiences and present position of other Chambers. What, according to Mr. Temperley, is the chief of those lessons? It appears to be that an elected Senate is much stronger than a nominated one. That this is so in the British Colonies is beyond question.

Generally [writes Mr. Temperley] power seems to be enjoyed by the Upper Chamber in proportion as its composition is democratized. For example, the Upper Chambers of Victoria, Queensland, and West Australia have all consented to reforms which liberalized and democratized their composition; but in return for these reforms they have generally exacted a price. In each case, the Lower Chamber was compelled to concede the actual or virtual right of amending money Bills to the reformed and improved Upper Chamber. The same tendency appears elsewhere, for it is generally admitted that nominee Upper Chambers are far inferior in power to elective ones, and the reason is to be found in the profound colonial conviction that a man or a body is only to be trusted when it is freely and directly chosen by the people as a whole.

And if we turn to the Continent of Europe, we find the same experience.

The most general reflection that strikes us is that the Continent confirms the old colonial lesson as to the superior strength of the elective to the nominee Senate. The extremely drastic method of creating peers for "swamp-

ing" opposition in the nominee Senates has been found to be more necessary and more frequent than in England or her Colonies. But, on the other hand, in the Upper Chambers of the Continent, there is a marked refusal to resort to extreme measures or "penal" dissolutions. Cause and effect are bound up with one another in each case. The logical outcome of the Cabinet and Parliamentary system is that a nominee Senate eventually gets into a position in which it must either conquer or die, and the *coup de grâce* is usually administered by the monarch, who is unwilling to endanger his own position by supporting an unpopular Upper House, whose crystallized opinions cannot be altered within a reasonable time. On the other hand, in elective Upper Chambers, there is an equally striking absence of resort to extreme measures, such as the "penal dissolution" of the Upper Chamber. In this case the interests of the head of the State, whether President or King, are best served by delay and avoidance of extreme steps. If the Upper Chamber is elective, the lapse of two or three years at most brings its members on their trial before the hustings, and the delay will have served to cool the heat of the popular House and its supporters, or so to increase it that the new election will fill the Upper Chamber with candidates pledged to carry the disputed measure. If the head of the State refuses a "penal" dissolution of the Upper Chamber in the first instance, he incurs but a momentary unpopularity, while he retains the assurance that time must eventually settle the question in dispute, and that his firmness may actually preserve and strengthen the Upper House.<sup>2</sup>

Now what is the application of these facts which Mr. Temperley makes to the Question of the House of Lords? He feels—and rightly—that "the defence of the genuine rights of minorities is a special function of an Upper Chamber." And feeling thus he writes as follows:

We are now at last able to see to the heart of the problem. The real argu-

<sup>2</sup> Page 126.

ment for a two-Chamber system is not based on history or on theory, but on fact. It is not the existence of an Upper Chamber that is in itself of importance; it is the existence of an Upper Chamber that is strong enough to protect the right of minorities, which is the true and vital necessity in all unitary States at the present time. An Upper Chamber cannot, of course, have an absolute veto, because then it would be stronger than the popular House; but it must have a suspensory veto, for otherwise there is no real justification for its existence. Nothing is more dangerous than a Senate of dummies or of shadows, and no price is too great to pay for retaining a Senate which is an Upper Chamber in reality. If, therefore, experience proves that the hereditary or the nominated principle is not the best way of securing a strong Upper Chamber, then these principles must either be modified or must be applied with great discretion. If the chances are that an Upper Chamber, elected on a bourgeois franchise, will be weak, then we must strengthen it by infusing into it more democratic elements.<sup>3</sup>

What, then, is the plan which Mr. Temperley would suggest for solving the question of the House of Lords? Various schemes which have been put forward are discussed by him, and are subjected to criticisms, for which I must refer the reader to his book. But he feels—very rightly—that "any critic of other schemes can justify himself only by bringing forward his own," and that "an account of the experience of other countries can hardly be valuable unless it shows some definite and practical directions in which that experience can be embodied in our own Constitution." And so he brings forward his own scheme, which is as follows.

*Composition of the Lords (not including Princes of the Blood Royal, who sit as of right—at present they number three).*  
Total . . . . . 260

<sup>3</sup> Page 146.

Hereditary Lords (to be elected by the total number of existing Peers) . . . . .	100
Nominated Life-Peers (three to be nominated each year by the King on advice of his Ministers until complete) . . . . .	30
Elected members (to be chosen on the same franchise as the Commons, either by <i>scrutin de liste</i> from six-member constituencies, or from enlarged single-member constituencies, to sit for nine years, but one-third to retire by rotation every three years) . . . . .	130
	260

The dominating principle of this plan [Mr. Temperley explains] is to bring the Upper House into direct touch with democracy, and yet at the same time to preserve to it some of its traditional and historic renown. The aim is, therefore, to associate hereditary Peers with democratic representatives in about an equal proportion, not to produce a new House entirely representative of the bourgeoisie or the democracy. Liberty is our ideal for the Upper House, but liberty is only real when it has a close acquaintance with democracy. The hereditary Peers and the nominated element will sufficiently represent the classes and the rights of property and of minorities; the elective members will represent the democracy and the rights of the majority.<sup>4</sup>

Such is, in substance, Mr. Temperley's contribution to this great question, which I shall now go on to consider in my own way—that is to say, in the light of first principles. According to the old dictum, "History is philosophy teaching by experience." Facts in the public order, whether of our own age, or of past ages, have lessons for us; but those lessons are not to be read by casual or conventional observers, and are usually hidden from eyes dimmed by the dust of party strife. History, to put the matter briefly, is of little practical value if studied apart

from political philosophy. And is political philosophy much cultivated in this country? The Germans think not; and so do the Americans. The fact that not a single professorial chair is assigned to it in any of our Universities, would seem to indicate that they are right. And here I may venture to remark that to my mind the greatest merit of the late Lord Acton—greater even than his singularly wide and marvellously accurate learning—was his clear recognition of, his emphatic insistence upon, the great truth that politics should be regarded as a branch of ethics; that the moral law should rule over commonwealths as over the individual men who compose them. The editors of his "Essays on Liberty" have well observed "The eternal supremacy of righteousness was the message of Acton to mankind": "his whole life was dedicated to one high end, the aim of preaching the need of *principles* based on the widest induction and the most penetrating thought."<sup>5</sup> Such principles he endeavored, with all the persuasiveness of his "*mitis sapientia*," to impress on those who came within the range of his influence. And I am glad to acknowledge my own personal indebtedness to him, during many years of delightful and fruitful intercourse, for pointing out to me this more excellent way, and for helping me to follow it.

Now, the problem which underlies this Question of the House of Lords is the fundamental one—What is the end of Government? And here we may well remember the dictum of Aristotle: the nature of a thing is its final end. What, then, is the nature of the State? For the true answer to this inquiry also, we may have recourse to "The Master of them that know." Man, he observes in the First Book of his "Politics," is one of many gregarious animals who are led by the law of their being to live in community. But man

<sup>4</sup> Page 106.

<sup>5</sup> Page xxxvii. The italics are mine.



alone, he points out, is "an ethical animal having perception of good and evil, justice and injustice and the like." And these, he continues, "are the principles of that association which constitutes a household or a State." Man alone of sentient beings consists in reason. It is this gift of reason which specially marks him off from the other animals.<sup>6</sup> It is this gift of reason which differentiates a commonwealth of men from a commonwealth of bees—or any other gregarious creatures, ants, let us say. Those highly gifted beings undoubtedly possess many of man's psychical powers. They have a kind of self-consciousness, a kind of volition, a certain feeling of causation and of the adaptation of means to ends, they are endowed with desires, emotions, prevision, they can form mental images or phantasmata, and can associate them by an exercise of memory and a power of expectant imagination. But they do not attain to intellection: they exhibit no capacity for that apprehension of general concepts, abstract ideas, universals, which is the essential characteristic of Reason, man's distinctive faculty. They live under the law of instinct. Man lives under a sort of hybrid law, at once instinctive and rational. They have, as their one spring of action, sensuous impulse: Man has impulse *and* reason. The difference, as the Schoolmen put it, is between *appetitus* and *appetitus rationalis*. Man alone can be accounted a rational animal. Whether our race has always exercised the faculty of reason, is a question too

large to be discussed here. Kant, as we may infer from various passages in his writings, inclined to think that it had not. Anticipating in this, as in many other instances, the conclusions of certain modern physicists, he held it most probable that man was not always *animal rationale*, but was once merely *animal rationabile*, possessing the germ whence reason developed: and that he became rational only through his own exertions, extending, I suppose, over vast periods of prehistoric time. However that may be, certain it is that man alone exercises the faculty of reason of which verbal language is the outcome—"Homo animal orationale quia rationale" is the true reading of the dictum. The speech of men is the direct outcome of that apprehension of universal relations to which reason is essential. It is, as Sophocles noted long ago, when celebrating the wondrousness of our race, the most distinctive and stupendous of human inventions and the whole fabric of civilization rests upon it. Yes, the *whole* fabric: for it is our instrument to express those concepts of justice and injustice whereby we live as civilized men; the dictates of that moral law which prescribes what is right and what is wrong as fitting or unbecoming a rational creature; that law, in Butler's phrase, under which we are born, and which is a natural and permanent revelation of Reason. This law of man's moral nature is the foundation of the State. "Justitia fundamentum regni."

And here we may well go back to Aristotle. I have quoted his teaching that man is a political animal and the State a natural institution. We will now let him take us a step farther. The external ground for the existence of the State is the nature of man. The necessities of existence force us into politics. But the end of civil societies is not mere existence. It is existence in accordance with man's highest

<sup>6</sup> Instinct from reason how shall we divide? Prior asked. Am I told—Yes: I am in Professor Loeb's book on "Comparative Psychology of the Brain"—that "the answer to such a question varies with definitions, and that the object of modern biology is no longer word discussion but the control of life phenomena." "The control of life phenomena" is a good phrase and a promising: but what does it mean? Here I desiderate vehemently a little definition. In truth, definitions are, as Cicero pointed out long ago, a necessary preliminary to any rational discussion. And I do not think that any more fruitful contribution could be made to contemporary dialectics than a revival of Plato's method of searching for them.

and distinctive attribute—Reason. The State came into being in order that men might live: but exists that they may live nobly: that is, as ethical beings, developing their personality under the law of right, attaining to a life in accordance with the dignity of human nature. Of its various functions in promoting that end the occasion does not demand that I should speak in detail. One of them only claims attention here. The State is an association of moral beings, for moral ends, existing for itself and for the individuals who constitute it, just as each of those individuals exists for it and for himself. But those individuals are *persons*, not things, whose rational co-operation is required for their own development. Here, as everywhere else, we are thrown back upon this elemental fact of personality, which is the primordial source of the rights realized in civil polity. What, then, is "the machinery of the State," to use Kant's phrase, which best answers to the claims and needs of the ethical beings who constitute it?

That is a question to which, obviously, no cut and dried reply can be given. There is no immutably best form of government—the belief that there is, may be well regarded as the master error of Jacobinism. The principles, indeed, which underlie good government are immutable, and may be summed up in the phrase: "To secure the rights of the subject": to apply to all that justice on which the State is founded. The machinery—to keep to Kant's word—by which this may be effected, varies vastly, according to the elements of which a people is composed, the period of its development, its local habitation, its historical traditions. The Jacobins, having observed that English Parliamentary government afforded some security for liberty, drew the conclusion that to vote in the election of a representative assembly was a natural right of all human beings, and

the sufficient guarantee of freedom—a doctrine still applied in the world with surprising results, for which the reader has but to look around. I read the other day in a journal which is supposed to represent the opinions of Radical Nonconformity, "The real representation of a majority of the people has ever been the one thing needful in the public order." It did not occur to the writer, presumably, that such a representation in this country, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, would have exterminated the Dissenters, and would have restored the Stuarts. Surely in this province, if in any, we must apply the maxim, "*Dolus latet in generalibus*." Universal conclusions from isolated facts have no place in political philosophy. I may mention here a somewhat amusing instance of such conclusions which I came upon, not long ago, in a letter of Lord Byron's: "It is difficult to say what form of government is the best—all are so bad. As for democracy, it is the worst of all; for what, in fact, is democracy but an aristocracy of blackguards?" Lord Byron had doubtless before his mind the "democracy" of the first French Republic. I do not deny that his words express a just judgment of it—or that they are too accurately descriptive of Jacobin democracy generally. But, assuredly, there have been, there are, democracies, to which they are wholly inapplicable.

To come, however, to the matter immediately before us. We live in an age when representative government is generally recognized as the ideal type of the most perfect polity—and as the type best adapted for at all events most European countries in their present condition. An opinion very commonly prevails that this representative government is a distinctively modern institution. But that is a vulgar error. In one form or another it prevailed through medieval Europe—the form in

each country being determined by the country's antecedents and the country's needs. To which we may add that it was largely due to the example and influence of the Christian Church, whose religious houses were so many little republics, scattered up and down the world, whose Councils and Synods were real deliberative assemblies, whose free institutions were the germ and norm of the civil franchises which sprang up. The essential characteristic of that medieval regimen was that it represented groups, classes, communities: as in England the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, the Counties, the Cinque Ports, the Boroughs, and the Universities. It was based upon local interests and divisions. It was, Bishop Stubbs observes, an organized collection of the several orders, states or conditions of men, recognized as possessing political power: in other words, of all the political factors of a people. And throughout the rest of Europe an analogous state of things prevailed. It is simple matter of historical fact that at the beginning of the seventeenth century free political constitutions were in working order throughout the Continent, from Castile and Aragon to the shores of the Vistula and the Niemen.

By the end of that century those free political institutions had become the shadow of a great name. The new Caesarism which was the political idea of the Renaissance made them of none effect in most Continental countries. In the Iberian peninsula, in France, in the greater part of Germany, monarchical absolutism was firmly established. A large part of Italy was enslaved by foreign conquerors, and three of her most famous republics, Florence, Pisa, and Siena had sunk under the not less hateful domination of the Medici. In England, the tact of Elizabeth had led her to soften down the usurpations of

the Tudors upon English liberty: but she abandoned none of them. Throughout the seventeenth century the growth of monarchical despotism was steady all over the Continent of Europe. The most striking example of it is, of course, supplied by France. In 1661 Louis the Fourteenth began to govern that country. The whole aim of his administration was to complete and consolidate the policy of his immediate predecessors in destroying every check upon the direct action of the royal power. And he succeeded. It was no idle boast when he said "*L'Etat c'est moi*." In most Continental countries the monarchs contemporary with him might have truly said the same. The fifty-nine years during which his great-grandson sat upon the French throne, witnesses not merely the continuation of that monarch's system, but its further development. In 1770 Louis the Fifteenth told the Parliament of Paris "*le droit de faire les lois par lesquelles nos sujets doivent être conduits et gouvernés nous appartient, à nous seuls, sans dépendance et sans partage*"; and no one ventured to gainsay him. The political progress of most European countries during the eighteenth century was on lines parallel to that of France. Everywhere the advance of absolutism in the machinery, and outward expression of government was unchecked. With very few exceptions, of which England is the most—I might say the only—considerable, every European country had become a house of bondage. We owe it to the vindication by our forefathers in 1688 of our ancient liberties against a perjured tyrant, that this nation escaped that fate. And, speaking generally, the history of England during that century is the history of the strengthening, consolidation, and development of those ancient liberties.

This, then, is the great difference between our country and most others in

<sup>1</sup> "The Constitutional History of England," vol. ii. p. 143.

Europe, that our representative institutions have come down to us without break of historic continuity. It was to those institutions that the nations turned for example and pattern, when, in the last century, the constitutional movement manifested itself throughout the Western world. Imitations, more or less grotesque, of the English political system sprang up on all sides. Lord Acton has said that what our forefathers called "Revolution principles" were the "great gift of England to the world"; "the principles by which the events of 1688 could be philosophically justified when purged of all their vulgar and interested associations . . . and based on reasoned and universal ideals."<sup>9</sup> Unfortunately, principles are not so easily transplanted as are outward forms. Unfortunately, too, besides those principles by which the events of 1688 could be "philosophically justified," there was another set of principles working in the world: the so-called "principles of 1789"; mostly sophisms derived by Jacobinism from Rousseau, and, to a very large extent, incapable of philosophical justification, or of being based on reasoned and universal ideals. The very foundation of Jacobinism is the doctrine that all adult men—and perhaps women—in a country should be politically equivalent, and that supreme power should be exercised by the majority of them, that is by delegates chosen by, or in the name of, the majority—the distinction is real—and paid to do their bidding; that the will—or what gets itself accepted as such—of the greater number should prevail, even if in error, over the will of the most intelligent of minorities. This is the doctrine which the first French Republic tried to translate into fact. The third French Republic has taken up the task. It is—to quote the language of Mill, in his invaluable work on *Representative Government*—the doctrine of

<sup>9</sup> "Essays on Liberty": Introduction, p. xxx.

"the falsely called democracies, which now prevail, and from which the current idea of democracy is exclusively derived." It is, he tells us, "exclusive government by a class which usurps the name of democracy."<sup>10</sup> And what a class! As he very justly observes in his review of Bentham's political writings, "the numerical majority of any community must consist of persons in the same social position, namely, manual laborers. These persons will be influenced by the same desires, passions, and prejudices. If supreme power is lodged in this class, with no corrective force to counteract its exercise, the whole fabric of society will be impressed and moulded in this one mean type of human nature."<sup>11</sup> Surely, as we look around us, we must confess that the event has fully justified his warning words.

But "things are what they are, and their consequences will be what they will be." Instead of borrowing from England "Revolution principles"—the principles of 1688—Continental Europe has sown broadcast in England "Revolutionary principles"—the principles of 1789; and the result has been a plentiful crop of sophisms which largely dominate the public mind: such as those embodied in the shibboleths "One man, one vote," "Every man to count for one, and no man for more than one," "Equal electoral districts," and the like. To quote Lord Acton again, "The parallel lines on which all freedom has been won [are] the doctrine of national tradition and the doctrine of the higher law."<sup>12</sup> But this "falsely-called democracy" ignores national tradition, and recognizes no law but the law of numbers—that is of brute force. A balanced constitution was accounted the great achievement of England—a constitution of which the ideal was that

<sup>9</sup> "Representative Government," p. 155.]

<sup>10</sup> This review will be found in vol. i. of his "Dissertations and Discussions."

<sup>11</sup> "Essays on Liberty," p. 4.

every class, every interest, should have its due share of authority, its effective means of asserting itself. But how is it possible to preserve the equipoise if supreme power is lodged in the hands of one class only? On a memorable occasion the assembled Athenians—the Republic was then well advanced on the road to its ruin—pronounced it monstrous that they should be prevented from doing what they chose. This is exactly the spirit of the principles of 1789, and is embodied in the Jacobin maxim “Ce que le peuple veut est juste.”

The problem with which we are face to face now is precisely that which confronted the statesmen of ancient Greece—to give the popular element a full share without a monopoly of power; but it is a far more difficult problem for us than it was for them, because their society was based upon the existence of a servile class. The numerical majority, who were their slaves, are our masters. Mill, upon the whole, I think, the wisest of recent practical politicians—widely as I differ from his speculative philosophy—turned for its solution to the graduation and organization of universal suffrage and to the restraining powers of a reconstituted and strengthened Upper Chamber.” That Mill was right in the view expressed by him so forcibly—not to say vehemently—as to universal and equal suffrage can hardly be doubted, as it seems to me, by any man of average intelligence, who will clear his mind of cant; which, indeed, is not an easy task, for most of our public men: is not cant, of one kind or another, their stock in trade? To make numbers the sole power in the community is absolutely contrary to that idea of justice which is the true foundation of the State, and which practically means to give to each his right. For

men are not born and do not continue equal in rights, as the Declaration of 1789 fables. They are not equal to one another physically, morally, or intellectually, or from any point of view of material fact. They are born and continue unequal in rights, as in might; and, therefore, they are not entitled to equal shares of political power. Universal suffrage? Certainly. But, to quote Mill once more, “Though every one ought to have a voice, that everyone should have an equal voice is a totally different proposition.” The fundamental principles of ethics demand that the suffrage should be graduated. They demand that inequalities of fact should be recognized; that all those local and social interests of the body politic which play so necessary and so important a part in the co-ordination and sub-ordination of civil life—a much more necessary and important part than mere numbers—should have due weight assigned to them. Equal voting is *wrong*, because it is opposed to the nature of things, which is ethical; because, suffer me to repeat, it is unjust. It is unjust to the classes, for it infringes their right as persons to count in the community for what they are really worth; it is, in Aristotle’s phrase, “tyrannously repressive of the better sort.” It is unjust to the masses, for it infringes their right to the guidance of men of light and leading, and subjects them to a base oligarchy of professional politicians. It is unjust to the State, which it converts from the passionless expression of right into the engine of the tyranny of numbers. To which we may add the words of Burke: “I see as little of policy or utility as there is of right, in laying down a principle that a majority of men, told by the head, are to be con-

<sup>12</sup> See chapter xiii. of his “Representative Government.” It is right to note that Mill “set little value on any check which a Second Chamber can apply to a democracy otherwise unchecked.” p. 231.

<sup>13</sup> “Representative Government,” p. 165.

<sup>14</sup> And unquestionably bound to become baser if the payment of members is introduced.



sidered as the people, and that, as such, their will is to be the law."<sup>15</sup>

Man consists in reason, and we may not believe that the European peoples will permanently recede from rational ideals in the public order. But the question—a most vital question, as it seems to me—of rationally graduating and organizing universal suffrage is not at present within the range of practical politics. The question of a reconstruction of our Upper Chamber is—and moreover it is urgent. We saw just now the scheme which Mr. Temperley has proposed for that end. There is much in it with which I personally agree. In the first place, I am of his opinion—it is also the opinion expressed by Mill—that any Second Chamber which could possibly exist in this country would have to be built upon the foundation of the House of Lords.<sup>16</sup> I am perfectly well aware of the strong case which may be stated against such an institution as that House. There is the objection of *principle* set forth with his usual clearness by Kant in his *Rechtslehre*,<sup>17</sup> that a hereditary nobility—a rank that takes precedence of desert—is an anomaly; that it is a groundless prerogative, for if the ancestor had merit he could not transmit it to his posterity. There is, again, the objection of *fact* that the two Estates of the Realm, once included in the Upper House, the Lords Spiritual and the Lords Temporal, are no longer real estates. If so regarded, they are, in Kant's phrase, "things of the imagination, without any reality." It is quite certain that, in the present day, no such institution as the existing House of Lords could be set up anywhere out of Bedlam.

It is, however, equally certain that a peerage is deeply rooted in the history of the country, and that its violent sub-

version would offend against a sentiment<sup>18</sup> which a wise legislator will always respect and endeavor to conserve. Mill was assuredly well warranted in writing: "It is out of the question to think practically of abolishing that assembly."<sup>19</sup> But, as assuredly, it is not out of the question to transform it in accordance with the needs of the age in which we live. Indeed, as I have observed, that is the question of the hour: and the general principle on which such a transformation might be made has been stated by Mill in words which cannot, I think, be improved: "If one House represents popular feeling"—which is what the House of Commons, at all events, is supposed to do—"the other should represent personal merit, tested and guaranteed by actual public service and fortified by practical experience."<sup>20</sup> The Lower House—whatever improvements might be introduced into it by the graduation and organization of universal suffrage—will represent principally numbers: an element in the national life which is far from being of the most importance. It is the special function of the Upper House to represent other elements which will never be adequately represented in an assembly due to the accident of popular choice; to bring to the service of the Commonwealth men—to employ once more the words of Mill—"with better qualifications for legislation than a fluent tongue and the faculty of getting elected by a constituency." The only direct application of the elective principle which, as it seems to me, is at all possible or desirable in the constitution of a reformed House of Lords is with regard to the existing peerage, which might well be represented by fifty of its

<sup>15</sup> The sentiment admirably expressed by Tennyson's beautiful and familiar lines:

"Love thou thy land, with love far-brought  
From out the storied Past, and used  
Within the Present, but transfused  
Thro' future time by power of thought."

<sup>16</sup> "Representative Government," p. 239.

<sup>17</sup> See "Werke," vol. vii. p. 147. (Hartenstein's edition.)

<sup>18</sup> "Ibid," p. 237.

<sup>15</sup> "Works," vol. vi. p. 216.

<sup>16</sup> "Representative Government," p. 239.

<sup>17</sup> See "Werke," vol. vii. p. 147. (Hartenstein's edition.)



number. But the principle of selection might be indirectly applied to the hereditary peers by a provision that the holding of certain great positions should entitle them to sit and vote. And the Crown should have the power of bestowing a life barony upon a hundred Commoners of special distinction, who should be named in the Act for the Reform of the House of Lords, vacancies being subsequently filled up, as they occur, by the Sovereign, acting, of course, upon the advice of his Ministers. In every case the claims of the recipient of a Life Peerage should be fully set out in the London *Gazette* containing the announcement of his creation.

It will be seen that a point upon which my suggestions on the reform of the House of Lords differ from those of Mr. Temperley is that of the association of what he calls "democratic representatives" with the hereditary and life peers. The argument, it will be remembered, by which he supports such association is the greater power of those Upper Chambers, whether on the Continent or in the Colonies, to which members are furnished by popular election. The argument appears to me of little weight when we consider the vast difference of the political and social conditions prevailing in England. More-

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over, the very reason for the existence of the House of Lords should be that it should not be swayed by popular passions, that it should be "above the vulgar range of low desire." Unquestionably, the House of Commons must continue to be what it has been for long years, the predominant power in the Constitution. Unquestionably, as the predominant power, it must retain effective control of the national purse. But to be the predominant power is one thing; to be the unchecked power is quite another. The functions of an Upper Chamber in this country must be chiefly corrective and suspensory; but, if composed of men of light and leading, all holding their positions for life, by an independent tenure, it might well be a pioneer to lead the nation on the path of true progress. "In its hands the power of holding the people back would be vested in those most competent, who would then be most inclined to lead them forward in any right course."<sup>21</sup> It would express the judgment as contrasted with the emotion of the nation. It would assert the sanctity of right against the brutality of might. It would do much to safeguard that ethical sentiment of the country which Hegel has well called "the mainspring of Democracy."<sup>22</sup>

W. S. Lilly.

## THE AMATEUR AND THE OPERA.

A remarkable operatic year in England is drawing to its close. The spring was made memorable by Mr. Beecham's month of Strauss and Wagner: his summer season of light

opera, vying with excellent performances at Covent Garden, introduced us to *Hoffman*, the *Seraglio*, and *Feuersnot*: and now his winter management at Covent Garden is nearly over. Great

<sup>21</sup> "Representative Government," p. 237.

<sup>22</sup> As it is of course impossible for me to do more here than indicate, in the barest outline, the plan which seems to me best for a reform of the House of Lords I may be permitted to say that I have given a more detailed account of it in chapter vi. of my book "First Principles in Politics." I will add here only one suggestion which I take from p. 253 of that work: "Of course the ultimate power must reside somewhere. In case of the Lower

House insisting on a Bill sent up to the Lords in two successive Parliaments and rejected by them, a Conference of the two Houses might be held in Westminster Hall, in which, without debate, a vote might be taken *by ballot* on issues previously settled, the decision of the two branches of the Legislature, thus united, being conclusive." I suggest the ballot so that members of the Lower House may not be enforced by wirepullers to vote against their conscience.

numbers of English people flocked to Munich this year for the Wagner and Mozart festivals. There has been talk of an Operatic Society on the lines of the State Society. The opera has been a safe subject at any dinner party or other social function at which two total strangers are led to believe by a gesture and mumble on the part of the hostess that they may speak, or, if that fails, eat together without offending against the proprieties. From countless drawing-rooms, between the hours of four and six in the afternoon, the names of Krull and Fassbender, Edyth Walker and Mildenburg, have been wafted upwards to the skies. Musical critics have run tilt at one another in the daily papers, while men of wrath have awakened the peaceful echoes of Henrietta Street with cries of "Ernest, triff noch einmal!" In short, there has been an enthusiasm in the air for things operatic, for which there is no other word but the expressive "boom." However matters may be managed upon the Stock Exchange, in the case of the arts it is always true that a few swallows do not make a summer; in other words, a few artists do not make a boom—still less a few critics. A boom is the achievement of the amateur, for which he is never thanked, because the artist and the critic do not distinguish between the amateur and the general public. But there is a great distinction, and when the enthusiasm of the body of amateurs—in any art that may be named—has attracted the general public, the ignorant rich and the idle poor, to the manifestations of this art, then it is that the artist reaps his reward, and the critic's criticisms are read before the sporting intelligence. I have no intention here of giving the amateur more than his due, nor do I pretend that between the most gifted amateur and the professional who only achieves what Whistler called "little hiccoughs in art," there is not a great

gulf fixed. The amateur is not an artist: he is a critic whose *criteria* are loose and fluctuating. What I wish to point out is that his existence is a very substantial fact, of which in professional circles there is not enough recognition. Neither the critic nor the artist really considers or understands the amateur's state of mind. The guides do not trouble to study their very willing flock, though to do so would not interfere with their independent guidance: the high priests would not desecrate their office by appreciating the attitude of the intelligent among their congregation. This is peculiarly well illustrated in the art of music, where the amateur has a special place even among amateurs. Perhaps it is well that he should have power at the price of being inarticulate; but his voice might at times be heard with advantage, and never might it have been more effective than in the recent *Elektra* controversy.

The amateur musician, I have ventured to say, has a unique place among amateurs. This is not due to the fact that he is a finer exponent of his art, but it is because he is able, owing to the peculiar nature of music, both to give and receive more pleasure through his own performances. The amateur painter, for instance, is in a wholly different position. To produce a good picture, no matter what the subject, is intensely difficult. There is no possibility of rendering somebody else's ideas, but a blank piece of paper has to be covered with lines and colors which represent a scene selected from nature in accordance with the individual's artistic perception. The defects of an amateur drawing are, therefore, always painfully obvious. The amateur musician, on the other hand, conscious as he is that from the highest artistic standpoint his performances are inadequate, has the advantage of being able to interpret great masterpieces, which pro-

duce a very appreciable effect if only passably played. Moreover, some of the greatest music is, from a certain technical point of view, moderately easy: to render nature is always impossibly hard. Hence the amateur musician, as all of us know, provided that he has musicianship, can give perfectly legitimate æsthetic pleasure. The pianist will not have the execution of Rosenthal or Paderewski's command of tone gradation, the violinist will not have Ysaye's powerful attack nor Kreisler's perfect phrasing, the singer will not fill Covent Garden like Van Rooy nor render *Höder* with the dramatic intensity of Gerhardt, but all of them, provided that they remain within their technical capabilities, and understand—as a good amateur does—the meaning of the composer, achieve something which is really artistic and of which they have no reason to be ashamed. I may also point out that no amateur spends, of necessity, so much time upon the drudgery of his art as the musician, particularly the instrumentalist. With a pencil and paper anybody can produce some semblance of reality, for two circles and four lines will be recognized as a man, but nobody can play a recognizable tune by instinct. The acquisition of finger dexterity alone is a long and tedious process, and it may safely be said that the number of years spent by the amateur musician on mere gymnastics are unparalleled in the training of an amateur in other arts. Finally, the amateur musician has the special quality of being musical. This is a truism, but it has a meaning. We all know of the vicar who, on the occasion of the King's coronation, walked out of church when the organist played the national anthem, under the impression that it was the usual series of sounds called a voluntary; he illustrates the fact that humanity is divisible into two classes, the musical and unmusical. This di-

vision cannot properly be made in any other art. Poetic, literary, pictorial, sculptural—these epithets have not the same meaning in regard to their respective arts that musical has in regard to music. Our language recognizes that the musical gift is something mysterious and entirely apart from other artistic tendencies. The amateur musician has this gift: he is one of the body of musical people, and his point of view, therefore, is not unworthy of occasional consideration.

I have pointed out the position of the amateur musician in the world of amateurs, but it may be asked wherein his point of view differs from that of composers, performers, and critics who make music their profession. The answer to this question is a double one. In the first place, I assert without hesitation that it is the amateur who gets the most enjoyment out of music. Music to him is a pleasure, a relaxation from all the cares of the world. The unmusical, and even the mildly musical, cannot understand the passionate thrill which great music produces in those who love it. There are times when a great wave of ecstasy seems to break over one's whole being: it is the only experience which illustrates what Socrates meant by an unmixed pleasure. It is neither the negation of a craving nor is it followed by a painful reaction. It would be absurd, of course, to imagine that the composer, the artist, and the critic are shut out from this experience, but the fact that music to them is in one way or another the business of life, the means of earning money and winning fame, must color their whole attitude. Apart from all the worries and disappointments which are inseparable from the career of artists, music is for them something to be wrestled with and labored at; for the critic it is something to be commented on and scrutinized. Is it not obvious that those to whom music is a profession, a care, and

even at times a sorrow, must regard it with different eyes from those who find in music a diversion, a dissipation of care and a healer of sorrow? Then we come to the other part of the answer. The amateur's training is almost always entirely technical. He learns to play or to sing, as the case may be, but he seldom goes through the mill of harmony, counterpoint, fugue, orchestration, score-reading and composition. On musical history and antiquities he is very ignorant; even about instruments he knows very little; he has not made a comparative study of musical form. In short, his theoretical knowledge is rudimentary, not from want of enthusiasm but from want of time. His judgments and his tastes, excellent as they may be, are derived from constant attendance at concerts where, perhaps, he will follow a symphony or a quartette in a miniature score. It is this small theoretical equipment which differentiates him again from the artist and the critic. Not only is he less fastidious, seeing that music appeals rather to his musical sense than to his intellect—the seat of all criticism—but he is necessarily endowed with a musical personality entirely his own which, if less complete than that of the professional, is yet very definite and often intensely vivid. I hope it is not unprofitable or uninteresting to attempt to discern the relation between this personality and opera as it is to-day.

The amateur's appreciation of music is marked by extreme catholicity of taste, and this is fully in accordance with the amateur personality. With musical periods, musical growth and musical evolution he has very little to do, for he knows and cares very little about such things. He hears and enjoys each piece upon its own merits, and criticizes it from the point of view of his musical taste as a whole. This attitude, though it is amateur, contributes very materially to the whole-

hearted enjoyment of music, and it is nowhere so apparent as in the amateur's appreciation of opera. A writer of a special article upon the "Ring" in Edinburgh, in a recent number of a weekly paper, remarked that "people who have become interested in the later Wagner, in Strauss, in Debussy, in Elgar, and in Bantock, feel no particular yearning to spend an evening over Gounod's *Faust* or *Tannhäuser* or *Lohengrin*." An inhabitant of Edinburgh promptly replied that this was pure affectation, the affectation of a superior musical student. His protest was absolutely justified, but he was wrong if he imagined that the critic was insincere. The critic cannot avoid becoming obsessed with periods and styles and tendencies, for no person can who studies the structure of any art. Thus we get one of these gentlemen, with his soul so bursting with the possibilities of modern music that he can hardly bear to hear the old, while another is so appalled and revolted by the reckless abandonment of conventions by Debussy and others, that he cannot find it in him to give them a good word. Neither party is to be blamed: it is human to take sides. The new is always more interesting than the old, however great the old may be; at the same time, when one is disgusted, one ceases to be interested. Can we not forgive the critic who frankly says, as one has said to me, that he is so full of the "new stuff" that he cannot be enthusiastic about the old? Can we not sympathize with the distinguished British composer who described *Pelléas et Mélisande* as "full of morphia," and with the peerless critic who, after hearing *Elektra*, said he was going home to play the chord of C major several times, oblivious, dear, good man, that Strauss had ended in C major already on purpose to oblige him?

Yes, we can forgive them, we amateurs, and we can be grateful for the earnestness with which the best of

them fulfil their arduous task. But we cannot feel that they understand the amateur, who does not find that Debussy's advent blinds him to the lights of Gounod and Verdi and the "early" Wagner. Has the modern style of music (to use a convenient phrase) left the amateur's taste, then, unchanged? With one reservation I should say "Yes." My reservation is that Wagner has undoubtedly influenced the amateur in a very marked way. The taste of to-day is radically different from that of mid-Victorian days when the "Ring," the *Meistersinger*, and *Tristan* were still unborn. In some way, I think, the enormous power of the Wagnerian influence is to be deplored. It has rubbed away, so to speak, that side of the amateur soul to which *Don Giovanni*, *Figaro*, and *Fidelio* used to appeal. Nine out of ten among really keen amateur musicians would rather go to hear a Wagner opera than anything. But even if that is so, Wagner is not popular because he is modern, or because his harmonies are daring. Only critics distinguish between the early and the late Wagner: the amateur takes *Tannhäuser* and *Lohengrin* along with the later operas without any such distinction. Wagner is to the amateur the master of operatic art; he supplies a good libretto, beautiful orchestral music, and beautiful scenery all blended together. He is as much a classic now as Beethoven and Mozart. Besides, Wagner-worship does not prove that the body of amateurs have become followers of a movement. They still enjoy Verdi, because they make allowances for his being Verdi, because he gives an opportunity to great singers; and, above all, because they love melody. Why is it that Puccini is so popular in these days of musical storm and stress; why are *Madame Butterfly*, *Bohème*, and *La Tosca* rapturously applauded by the same audience that was thrilled, perhaps the night before, by *Tristan*; why was

Charpentier's *Louise* such an instantaneous success? Simply because amateurs do not trouble themselves whither compositions such as these are leading, whether they are retrograde or progressive, but enjoy them for what they are. Charpentier and Puccini have not set Wagnerian poems to music, but they employ moving and well-constructed plots; they, too, know the use of scenery, and they are masters of certain ways of expressing emotion through melody. It may be old-fashioned melody, but it is pleasing; their orchestration is not Wagnerian, but it is effective. But the amateur is by no means prejudiced, in spite of his joy in Puccini's operas, in favor of the diatonic scale and simple harmonies. *Pelléas et Mélisande* appealed to him because it was mysteriously beautiful. The amateurs who heard it knew little about the tonal scale as a musical phenomenon, but they found Debussy's use of it a pleasing contrast to the methods of other composers with whom they were better acquainted. The amateur musician, in fact, comes to an opera almost entirely free from prejudices. Moreover, he comes not to hear opera, but *an* opera. The evenings which he spends in Covent Garden—though he may be unconscious of it—are among the happiest evenings of his life. He knows what he is going to see beforehand, and he takes care to appreciate it for what it is. In consequence, he has the inestimable privilege of being able to enjoy without effort all that is good, while for that which is not good of its kind, whether it be hallowed by tradition or illuminated by novelty, he feels himself in no way bound to show enthusiasm. A few months ago the *Elektra* burst upon us. No opera, apart from its performers, has ever produced such an immediate sensation in this country. It was the one overwhelming success of Mr. Beecham's first season, and I have no shame in saying that one great cause



of this success was the enthusiasm of the amateurs. It is, of course, true that a great deal of idle curiosity was excited among the more ignorant by the mass of nonsense which heralded its arrival in a certain section of the Press. It might have been supposed that some entirely new form of music had been invented, some monster, some fourth dimension—as if Granville Bantock had never used a tom-tom in a British concert-room! These extravagances of mere copy-seeking journalists no doubt sold a good many seats, but I maintain that the amateurs worthy of the name were not attracted by such lures. Strauss's Symphonic Poems are familiar enough to concert-goers. Some they please, others they repel. Yet these works alone have never produced a Strauss-Schürmerei in England. What excited our amateurs was, no doubt, the accounts of the earliest performances in Dresden. Their newspapers, and those fortunate friends of theirs who had been in Dresden, were at one in describing the overwhelming effect of *Elektra*, its intense grip of the emotions. That opera was the seventh wonder of European music a year before it came to England. The amateur, delighted that British enterprise should bring a new work so soon to London, determined at all costs to see what had already aroused so much enthusiasm, and if his curiosity was fired, it was curiosity to see how the somewhat unsatisfactory Strauss of the Symphonic Poems had compressed his rhapsodic genius into a drama which moved with the inexorability of fate, and had at last—for they knew not *Salome* and *Feuerhol*—made an absolutely convincing appeal to the emotions.

And when they had heard it—what was their impression? Certainly, one might take any article which has appeared in the Press and say, "at least, it was not that." The critic must necessarily, if he is a good critic, so voice his

approbation or disapprobation that it can be supported by general propositions. He must give good musical reasons, for his virtue is as much to teach as to describe. The amateur, as I have said above, has a much more detached point of view. Consequently, he did not take the attitude of literary or musical experts. Unlike Mr. Bernard Shaw, he did not hear in *Elektra* "a counterpoint of all the ages," nor find that it "sald for us, with utterly satisfying force, what all the noblest powers of life within us are clamoring to have said, in protest against and in defiance of the omnipresent villainies of our civilization"; that is pure Shavian affectation. On the other hand, the harmonic structure did not give him a "keen, mental tonic," his music is not intellectual enough for that. He did not compare it with ancient art or modern art; above all, he did not, speaking generally, think of Sophocles and Greek tragedy. To suppose that Greek tragedy is in any sense part of the large British intellectual life is again pure affectation, that of the scholar. The scholar, indeed, may deplore the debasement of Sophoclean serenity or Æschylean grandeur, but he cannot expect to awaken much sympathy in the heart of the amateur musician. On this point, too, I may remark that Hofmannsthal's play was one of the last things read by our great English novelist who died but recently. Of it he said, "It is one of the few instances I know of new wine being put successfully into old bottles." The amateur was neither thinking of modern German drama nor ancient Greek tragedy; he was not listening for tricks of orchestration or masterpieces of harmonic writing; he had no ear for tonality or intricate counterpoint: the orchestral novelties were over before he noticed them. In fact, he was not criticizing an aspect, which is all a critic can do, with an intensely alert brain; he was listening to a whole of music.



speech, and scenery with that excitation of his purely musical personality which for the time being almost numbs the brain's activities.

The *Elektra* was for the amateur an indissoluble combination of Hofmannsthal and Strauss; its effect was that of an organic whole in which there were supreme moments of emotion, and other moments, which almost allowed his slumbering brain to wake, of unnecessary ugliness. He did not hear the orchestra by itself nor the singers by themselves. Strauss's intention that the intensity of the dramatic situations should be given cumulative effect by his orchestration was fulfilled for the amateur. At the great moments our attention to the orchestra was almost subconscious; the instruments blended into one web of sound, which assisted the receptive faculties without distracting them, as the noise of a waterfall enhances the visible beauties of an enchanting spot. For the amateur, Strauss produced an overwhelming effect, while allowing Hofmannsthal absolutely to cloak his methods of producing it. It was only at times that this harmony was broken. When Clytemnestra first sang to the almost intolerable low chords on the wind, or when Elektra was feverishly scribbling in the sand, it was in those moments of less dramatic intensity we learnt that Strauss could be ugly. But when Elektra delivered her first great invocation, a sombre figure in the ill-lit court; when Clytemnestra, in tones that haunt for ever, said "Ich habe keine guten Nächte" when the mother and daughter stood face to face by Agamemnon's tomb, one fear-distraught, the other delirious with hate; when Orestes remained motionless by the well, unrecognized by the sister who had so longed for his coming; when she sank into his arms crying "Orest!"; or

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when she passed savagely up and down till Clytemnestra's death-cry forced "Triff noch einmal" from her throat, then, indeed, there was no Strauss and no Hofmannsthal, no orchestra and no conductor, no Covent Garden, no seats, no clothes, no self; we passed for a few moments—timeless moments—into a state of immaterial receptivity, the *κίνησις δακρύσας*.

That is how the amateur felt towards the *Elektra*, and because it never failed of its effect the *Elektra* was a success. Afterwards, no doubt, we might call parts of it morbid and inartistic, or recognize that some of the motifs were commonplace; but that was only when the music had ceased and the enchantment was over. Nevertheless, we could never forget Elektra and Chrysothemis, types of all flesh that is weakest and will that is strongest, struggling in spirit in the courtyard shut in by gloomy Mycenaean walls: we could not forget "Lös' nicht in Luft dich auf, vergeh' mir nicht, es sei denn, dass ich jetzt gleich sterben muss . . ." and Elektra, for one quiet moment a child again, in her brother's arms. Strauss, with all the conventionalities of opera to contend against, made *Elektra* intensely real, as Wagner has made the *Meistersinger* real. Let the amateur be eternally thankful that he can yield himself wholly *ohne Nachdenken* to this reality, as the critic, in virtue of his office, cannot do. The artist and the critic must not be amateurs: the amateur is neither artist nor critic. He cannot share the artist's ecstasy of creation nor the critic's keen intellectual enjoyment. He can win no glory and teach no lesson. But by self-effacement and self-abandonment he can experience to the full that complete joy which music alone of the arts can give, a joy that makes time timeless and great music ever new.

Orlo Williams.

## THE SEVERINS.

BY MRS. ALFRED SIDGWICK.

*Author of "The Kinsman," etc., etc.*

## CHAPTER XXIII.

In May Mr. St. Erth had told his partners that he would be back at work in June, and all through June and July he said that he was improving steadily and that the new undertaking must mark time till he returned to hurry it on. But a business venture will not always sit stationary when it has reached a certain size and vitality. It perishes or it grows. Michael found as the summer went on that he was more and more occupied with the new extension, and that if he had wanted to hold it back he could not have done so. In the end, with Mr. Walsingham's full approval, he took on Tom Crewe to manage the factory connected with it. By-and-by, if the affair prospered as it promised, there would be factories and a world-wide trade.

"We're in for a big thing," Tom said to his wife; "Michael and I are going to die millionaires, my love."

"Never—never," said Clotilda. "No one belonging to our family will ever be well off. Generation after generation we've been poor and rather clever and unlucky. Our way is to get a step or two up the ladder because we've brains and then to slip down because we're fools—the kind of fools who can't keep success when it's in their hands. It's in the blood—you'll see, Tom."

"It's not in my blood," said Tom; "it may be in yours, but you're a woman and don't count. You're ME."

"Then Michael will come a cropper," said Clotilda, who never troubled to defend the rights of women. She felt quite capable in her own person of getting all the rights of any use to her.

"Michael will do nothing of the kind," said Tom.

It certainly seemed that as far as money-making went the family luck had turned with Michael. His financial acumen, his power of work, and his power of dealing with men grew with every development and every new responsibility. Mr. Walsingham was nearly superannuated, Mr. St. Erth was ill, the London house of the great firm was Michael—only Michael. He had not much time by day to think of his private affairs. Clara complained that she saw less and less of him, and that when he did dine at Rutland-gate it seemed to be for the sake of an extra hour with her father. So it was hardly worth giving up things, and all the dinners and dances of the season seemed to crowd themselves into these last weeks, and even Sundays were filled up—

"No need for excuses, Clara," said Michael; "you must do what pleases you."

He seemed to Clara to have grown older, graver, more self-assured. He sometimes spoke and acted with authority. She had been extremely angry when she heard of Tom Crewe's employment by the firm, and had even tried to hinder it by informing her father that it was a mistake. Though she was going to marry Michael, she did not want to be more mixed up with his belongings than she could help, and this false step was a step in that direction. Besides, why, if the opening was a good one, should it be offered to a complete stranger when Mrs. Walsingham's nephew Pat Thorndale was looking for a good billet? Was it too late to make the change? Mr. Walsingham

at that date had been bound to say that nothing was settled yet, but that he feared Michael would not be willing to entrust a concern of growing magnitude to Pat Thorndale, whose record—well, Clara knew what poor Pat's record had been.

"But if I tell him that this is the chance of his life and that he must work he will," said Clara, with her usual unbounded faith in her powers of persuasion. But her faith received a nasty jar when she undertook to persuade Michael. He would not hear of Pat Thorndale, he compared Tom's career with the idle dissipated history of Clara's candidate; he treated the little domestic intrigue with the ridicule it deserved, and he got his own way.

"He is Dad's master," Clara said bitterly to her mother.

At the very end of July the Walsinghams went to Scotland. Michael was left in sole charge, and could not expect to get any holiday till late in September. He had taken a small house at Swanage for his family, and while they were away he meant to live at his club. There had been some riotous days at the corner house when Bob came home and found a brother-in-law of Tom's size ready to enjoy life with him. Then the women and the boy had departed, leaving the two men behind. Tom stayed with Michael at his club and went down to Swanage for the week-ends. Michael was expected to spend Saturday afternoon and Sunday with the St. Erths in Surrey whenever he could, in order to talk to Mr. St. Erth of affairs and to learn from the lips of his elder what should be done. Before he went to Scotland Mr. Walsingham had begged Michael to humor the sick man.

"He's the devil when he's crossed," he had added. "Besides, some one ought to keep an eye on what goes on there."

Michael had not asked Mr. Walsing-

ham to explain himself. He had understood. He was to have an eye on Madeline lest she was being made to suffer beyond endurance or rather beyond the limits of decorum. When a man begins to smash the furniture and beat his wife with a poker her lot becomes comparatively easy. The world sees the furniture and the marks left by the poker, and grants the victim relief. Unfortunately for Madeline, her husband did not choose these primitive means of self-expression. His weapons, except on extreme occasions, were his temper and his tongue, her financial dependence and her view of marriage as irrevocable. It had never crossed her mind that the door could stand open, and in fact it did not.

So Michael all through the summer often spent Saturdays and Sundays in Surrey, and in this way saw more of Madeline than was good for his peace of mind. The long summer days lured them out of doors, and in one way or the other it happened that Mr. St. Erth was not always with them. At first Madeline would seek and welcome these hours of escape, these breaths of happy air that gave her strength, because they gave her a dream world, a refuge from that squalid real one in which she was a prisoner. Michael began to fill her thoughts; she lived from one of his visits to the next on memories; when he came she made new dear discoveries about his looks, his ways, his thoughts; when he did not come the old dreams had to last a little longer. At first she believed that this growing flame in her heart was lit by friendship, that she hung on his presence because he made a break in her dull history and because he had patience with her husband. But the hour came when she knew her own heart and took fright at its unfaithfulness; and it was Mr. St. Erth himself who hurried the hour on.

It was late one Sunday afternoon.

and though there was no sun the heat was overpowering. Thunder brooded in a leaden sky and in the breathless air. Tea was over. Michael sat with the husband and wife in the garden, and for some time no one had moved or even spoken much. Mr. St. Erth had made himself as disagreeable as usual all day. He had begun by ordering his wife to stay at home for no reason whatever except that she wished to go to church; at lunch he kept up the incessant fault-finding that wears the strongest nerves, and after lunch he had dozed in the garden while Madeline read a twaddly book of travels to him, only waking in an explosion of rage if she thought he slept and that she could rest her voice. Michael looked on and could not interfere. To a greater extent than this a man is master in his own house, and all an enraged guest can do is to show his host the cold shoulder and vow he will never be a guest again. Michael thought to-day that he must come to such a decision. It grew more and more painful to behave like a neutral when he took sides with every instinct and tradition that made him a man.

"Fetch me another whisky and soda, Madeline," said Mr. St. Erth, breaking in on Michael's reverie and on his wife's peace. She had been leaning back with closed eyes in a long deck chair, but she was not asleep, and she got up at once when she heard her husband's voice.

"It's nearly time for your medicine," she said; "shall I bring that instead?"

As Mr. St. Erth had had two large whiskies and soda instead of tea, and as all his medical men except the local one forbade him alcohol, Madeline's proposal to substitute medicine for whisky was not determined by the feminine bias against any cheerful cup that men find so exasperating. She knew he was killing himself by his intemperance.

"Will you do as you are told?" he shouted.

"I'll get it, Mrs. St. Erth," said Michael, and he walked towards the house wishing he could kick his host instead of serving him.

"Come here!" called Mr. St. Erth. "I told my wife to get it, and she shall."

Michael took no notice and walked on, but he had not got far when a smothered cry behind him made him turn like a shot and hurry back to Mr. St. Erth's chair. He was not in time to prevent Madeline from falling over the foot of it.

"I fell," she said in a dazed way as he helped her from her knees to her feet. He walked with her to a seat, more trouble and doubt in his face than he knew.

"Did you faint?" he said anxiously; but he soon saw that she was too badly shaken to speak yet, and on her temple he saw a red mark grow plainer every moment. A sudden wave of anger and suspicion took hold of Michael, and he walked up to Mr. St. Erth, who sat amongst his cushions apparently half asleep. His narrow eyes were nearly shut, his mouth looked complacent and derisive, and his hands were folded outside his rug.

"St. Erth," said Michael, standing over him, and reminded irresistibly of alligators lying in the sun, their sly cruel eyes both sleepy and watchful. The alligator looked at him.

"Where's my whisky?" he said.

"Do you know that Mrs. St. Erth has fallen and hurt herself?"

"I saw you pick her up. Is she hurt?"

"Yes. How did it happen?"

"How do such things happen? Some one is clumsy."

"There is a bruise——"

Michael stopped because Madeline had come up to them. She spoke to her husband.

"I am going indoors," she said, and without waiting for him to answer she turned away and went into the house. Michael had never heard her speak to her husband in such a tone before, or known her to go and come without consulting his convenience. She must have been stirred unwontedly. That her tense voice betrayed and the indignant fire still alight in her eyes. When she had gone Michael did not turn to Mr. St. Erth again. The momentary interruption had been enough to give him pause, to remind him that he had no standing-ground, not even the right of relative or friend; and that if interference is unsuccessful it may do more harm than good to the victim. He turned his back on his host and walked through the garden to the open common. The thunder was growing already, but he paid no heed to it. He walked forwards, thinking of the difficult place to which Fate had brought him. He could no longer hide the truth from himself, and the truth perplexed him sorely. He loved one woman and was plighted to another; and the woman he loved was a wife and most unhappy. Her sorrows were not his business, her husband would say, and the world would say so too. There was a phrase much in his mind of late, a phrase in a book he knew well, about duty and inclination coming nobly to the grapple, and always when he remembered it he wished some god would tell him where duty lay. In general when a man loves a married woman his course is plain. Every counsel of dignity and honor bids him ride away, especially if he suspects with a rebellious leap of his heart that she loves him. But to ride away from Madeline just now would be like deserting a child you see ill-treated—a cowardly thing to do. Michael did not know how he could help her, and he did not know how he could leave her. His mood as he walked on became as heavy

and oppressive as the clouds darkening the sky.

The thunder was booming now. Peal succeeded peal with brutal swiftness, and lightning played in flashes of blue fire before Michael's dazzled eyes. He was driven back by the violence of the storm, and as he hurried through the garden the rain began to fall, first in heavy drops and then in streams. The lawn in front of the house was empty now. Mr. St. Erth, he knew, would probably be in the smoking-room, and he had no mind for his company. He went into the veranda, which was wide enough for shelter in any weather, and sat down in a dry corner there. Rain was falling heavily still, the wind was ravaging the flower beds; the garden looked shivery and cheerless, and the heavy drip from the veranda roof made pools on its floor. But Michael kept dry, and for a long while he sat in his corner, smoking, thinking, watching the storm. The worst of it was over and a bit of blue sky had appeared again when Madeline came from the drawing-room and stood there quietly. At first she did not see Michael. Then some slight movement he made attracted her attention. She turned and spoke to him.

"What a storm!" she said. "Have you been here all the time?"

"No," said Michael! "I went for a walk on the common."

His level voice, his ordinary manner gave her confidence. He had recovered, then, from the shock of wrath and pity that had fired his whole figure when he stood over her husband. She chose a seat that should have hidden her bruised face from him, but when she had taken it he moved a little, so that unless she kept her head stiffly turned away he could see her temple and the discolored patch there. They talked a little of the storm and of the damage it had done the garden, but their minds were not on these things;

and after one of those silences that fall between two people both set on a difficult discussion, and both afraid to approach it, the woman took the initiative.

"Has my husband asked you to come again next week?" she began.

"No," said Michael; "but he probably will."

"Perhaps it would be better if you refused."

"Better for you, or for him, or for all of us?"

"It must distress you," she said, in a low voice.

"Can nothing be done?"

"Nothing. He is ill."

"How long has he been ill?"

She answered his thoughts as well as his words.

"Not very long—at least, it has come on gradually. But you can't hold any one who is ill responsible."

"Was it better before?"

Madeline stared at the garden and did not speak.

"Anyhow, there are limits, and there are things to be done," Michael went on. "Mr. St. Erth should have a nurse. It would relieve you of this drudgery, and the presence of a stranger would act as a check."

"He would never consent," said Madeline.

Silence fell between them again. The rain had ceased and pale changing lights were coming into the wild sky, but the beauty of them did not cast their spell on Michael to-day. His mood was gloomy. The whole situation was intolerable, and yet Madeline and he were trapped by it.

"I wish I could take you away," he said suddenly.

She turned to him as if she could hardly believe her ears—scared, doubting, mystified.

"I can't bear to see it," he cried; "it's too damnable."

Still Madeline did not speak, nor did

she move when Michael, who had risen to his feet, pointed with an accusing gesture to her temple.

"He did that," he said.

"What then?" said Madeline; her voice was so low and shaken that he could only just catch her words. "What can I do?"

"You can leave him."

"Not now—when he is ill."

"He struck you."

Madeline laughed miserably. "So that seems to you the worst," she cried. "How little you understand!"

"Some one ought to interfere," muttered Michael. "It can't go on. Either he must reform or you must come away."

"Once Mr. Walsingham tried," said Madeline. "He only made it much harder—for me."

Michael did not speak again directly. He was listening in a fury of anger and indignation to a footstep coming slowly across the drawing-room. A moment later Mr. St. Erth appeared.

"You seem fond of this veranda," he said unpleasantly. "I thought you were upstairs, Madeline. Did I interrupt an interesting discussion?"

"You can share in it," said Michael. "I was advising Mrs. St. Erth to get a nurse."

"Is she ill?"

"She is on the way to be. A nurse or an attendant should be engaged at once—for you, St. Erth."

"My dear fellow," said Mr. St. Erth, blinking at Michael with an air of malignant enjoyment, "you don't distinguish sufficiently between my business affairs and my private ones. I can manage my own house and—incidentally—my own wife."

"I don't like your management," said Michael.

"What the devil do you mean?"

"Speak civilly."

"Civilly——"

Mr. St. Erth's breath came faster.



Madeline rose with a little cry. Michael stood still, but there was thunder in his stillness. Suddenly Mr. St. Erth changed his tone again.

"I beg Madeline's pardon and yours. You took me by surprise, and so— But it is too cold out here for argument, and this one doesn't interest me—because it leads nowhere. Whether you like or dislike what I do in my own house doesn't matter a brass farthing. I'm not even going to argue about it with you. Come in to the library and have a smoke and a whisky and soda before dinner. I want to

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reconsider those plans for the new warehouses. Madeline, give me your arm."

"Take mine," growled Michael, who saw that Madeline had sunk into a chair because she felt unable to stand. So the two men passed through the veranda doors together as if they were friends. Madeline's eyes followed them till they were out of sight. Then with a long shivering sigh she rose heavily to her feet, stared helplessly at the garden, stared at the drifting sky, and, shivering again, went with stumbling footsteps inside the house.

(To be continued.)

## A HOLIDAY IN SOUTH AFRICA.

BY THE RIGHT HON. SIR H. MORTIMER DURAND,  
G.C.M.G., K.C.S.I., K.C.I.E.

### I.

#### THE VOYAGE.

It is always saddening to say good-bye to one's home, but there is something pleasant in passing from the cold and darkness of our English autumn to sudden warmth and sunshine. Southampton looked very wet and dreary on the Saturday afternoon as the great white ship slowly worked herself away from the jetty. On the Monday she was gliding over a blue summer sea, with hardly a ripple. On the Wednesday morning we were sitting at breakfast in the soft air of Maderia, among the tree-ferns and the sugar-canes, looking down the wooded hill-side to the sun-bathed harbor, where she swung at her moorings, a little white toy. And when we had sledged down the cobble road and got on board, and she began to move again, the wave that fell away from her side was blue, all blue, every shade of blue, from turquoise to the deepest sapphire.

How things have changed since Queen Victoria was a child. South Africa, or rather Cape Colony, was then nothing more than the half-way house to India, and was ruled as such by English governors, acting under instructions carried by sailing ships over six thousand miles of sea.

In one of those sailing ships, the *Lady Holland*, my father, going out to India as a young Lieutenant of Engineers, made the voyage to Cape Town in 1829. The night that the *Lady Holland* dropped anchor in Funchal harbor the Company's Agent was giving a ball, and almost all the officers on board—ship's officers as well as soldiers—went on shore to attend it. Then a sudden storm came on, and the ship had to put out to sea; and for a fortnight she was beating about in heavy weather, very short-handed, unable to approach the island. When at last she did make Funchal again and picked up her officers, she had to sail most of the way to the Cape under the protection of a frig-

ate, for fear of pirates. Then one fine night, nearly four months after leaving England, as she was going along under full sail, expecting to anchor next day under the shadow of Table Mountain, there was a sudden cry of "Breakers ahead," and a moment later she struck with a crash. There was just time to get out the boats before she sank, and the poor ladies who came running up on deck were landed in their night-dresses, supplemented by the pea-jackets of the sailors, on the lonely shore of Dassan Island. There they remained for some days, living on penguin's eggs. When they were taken off and brought to Cape Town, having lost everything they possessed, they had to wait six weeks and pay something like three hundred pounds apiece for a passage to India, and the sailing ship that took them was wrecked, happily without loss of life, at the mouth of the Hoogly.

Some wrecks, alas! there will always be so long as men go down to the sea in ships, but things have certainly changed since those times, and not altogether for the worse. Now we have only to endure sixteen days in a mighty steamship, defiant of winds and waves, and blazing with electric light, as steady as a church, and as luxurious as a London hotel; and some of us are inclined to grumble because the passage takes so long, or because the steward does not bring us with our morning tea, as he does on the Cunard boats, a daily paper full of news received during the night by wireless telegram. Long may we be spared. Is a man to have no peace even in the South Atlantic? We had no wireless apparatus on board, so we spent a fortnight of unalloyed happiness in those lonely seas.

We had a few warm days crossing the line, but as we neared the Cape the southerly breeze met us, and it grew cool again.

There were the usual sports, of course. We played cricket daily, one

of our best bats being the Bishop of Natal, who several times had to retire with the maximum score of ten. I was made president of the Sports Committee; and as the ladies, instead of being landed on Dassan Island in night-gowns and pea-jackets, insisted upon getting up a fancy-dress ball, I had to undertake the most difficult duty of my life in awarding the prize for the best costume.

The crowded jetty at Cape Town, with its corrugated iron sheds, by the side of which we found ourselves lying one morning in October, is very different from the sketches one remembers, with the beautiful frigates on the curling waters of the bay; but though there is some disenchantment at the first sight of the famous Cape, some sense of loss, there, after all, three thousand feet and more above the roofs of the town, is the long rugged cliff, and the familiar straight line of its summit. and the clear blue sky of South Africa.

## II.

### CAPE TOWN.

Cape Town, too, has changed in eighty years. It is no longer the mere port of call where passing ships could get fresh water and vegetables. One finds it difficult now, as one looks at the well-built streets with their railways and tramways and luxurious shops, to recall from the past the Cape Town of early Victorian days—the little sleepy Dutch town, with its tree-lined canals and its broad-breeched Dutchmen smoking their pipes on the "stoeps,"—almost as difficult as to recall the Cape Town of the seventeenth century, when men avoided going out at night for fear of lions, and the Governor's coach was overturned by a rhinoceros, and the great elephants and river horses wallowed in the neighboring swamps.

The old star-shaped fort is still there.

almost hidden by modern buildings, the railway line passing close by the thick gray walls, but at first sight little else remains to make the old times live again. There is much left in reality if one has leisure and inclination to search for old things. Among the mass of mean modern buildings which have overflowed the suburbs for miles are to be found pine-woods and magnificent avenues of oaks planted by the Dutch settlers, perhaps in the days when England had a Dutch king, and many farms and houses of the Dutch colonial style, and other relics of the past. There is something very pleasing about the Dutch style of architecture. It has some resemblance to the colonial style, in America, but the forms are different. The Dutch houses generally show red roofs with rounded white gables, white walls, and white twisted chimneys, the whole effect being very picturesque.

The style is often copied or adapted, sometimes with good results, in modern buildings. A striking example of this is Groote Schuur, the house built by Cecil Rhodes under the eastern crags of Table Mountain, and intended by him as an official residence for the Prime Minister of South Africa in days to come. Cecil Rhodes was successful in this, as in most things, and the house is one of the sights of Cape Town; but I was told on the spot that he broke the hearts of his architects by his manner of building. In his magnificent way he always refused to accept any drawings as final. "All right, run it up," he would say, as some new wing or other addition was suggested; "if I don't like it, we will pull it down and try again." One can imagine that this sort of thing must have been trying, but the result is certainly good,—not a palace, but a very pleasant country house. Round it is a park stocked with African and other animals, and a garden in which there are some fine

trees and beautiful flowers. The hydrangea grows well in this climate, and except in one or two spots on the south coast of Cornwall I do not remember seeing anything to match the great masses of blue which are to be found at Groote Schuur and in the neighboring garden of the Governor at Newlands.

When I was in Cape Town Groote Schuur was the residence of Rhodes's friend, Jameson, the Scotch doctor who administered for him the northern territory he had made his own, and broke the power of the fighting Matabele, and rode to Johannesburg on the ill-starred raid, and afterwards succeeded his great chief as head of the Progressive party at the Cape. The house is rather shut in under the mountain, but from the back one has a grand view of the precipitous cliffs overhead.

Not far from it, on the hillside, is the Rhodes memorial, a simple flat-topped building of gray granite, in front of which stands Watts's well-known equestrian statue, "Physical Energy," of which the original or a replica is in Kensington Gardens. From this spot there is a fine view over the valley below, rich with fields and vineyards, and of the mountains to the northward, which so long remained the boundary for the old settlers.

Cecil Rhodes lies buried far beyond those mountains, a thousand miles or more, in the country which his foresight and energy saved for South Africa and the Empire. He had his faults doubtless, as all men have, but as one stands by his monument here at Cape Town and thinks of his far-away grave, a feeling of the size of the man comes over one. He was a great Afriander, loving the country of his adoption, but never forgetting the old country from which he drew his blood and his eager spirit. He foresaw and worked for the union of the South Africans into one nation under the British Crown; and

when that nation has firmly established herself among the nations of the world, and her racial animosities are at an end, she as well as England will feel that she owes him much.

There are many interesting things to be seen at Cape Town: a fine Parliament House; a museum full of the wild beasts of Africa; a botanical garden in which are strange and beautiful flowers; but by far the most striking sight of all is Table Mountain, towering 3500 feet above the blue waters of the Bay. The ascent of the mountain is not difficult. One can ride up, I believe, by a roundabout route; but even if one chooses to climb straight up the face of it, the ascent will trouble no ordinarily good walker. The ground rises from the town itself, but the first mile or so is easy walking on a good path. Then one comes to harder work, where a deep rocky gully, the "Great Kloof," rises to and breaks the line of cliff, a thousand feet high, which tops the mountain. Up this gully two or three rough paths wind through bush and boulder to the summit.

The day I started to make the ascent a strong south-east wind was blowing. It had been blowing steadily for a week, an unusual thing in Cape Town, making the Bay sparkle with white horses; and roaring through the town; and laying a great mass of white cloud along the summit of the mountain. The moisture which it brings always condenses there, and an ascent while it is blowing is apt to prove a disappointment, for though there are temporary breaks when the line of cliff stands out sharp and clear against the blue sky, these are generally short, and the heavy white pall soon gathers again, hanging down at times far below the crest, upon the mountain-side. However, after waiting some days in the vain hope of a windless day, I determined to try, and started with one companion who knew the mountain well.

Down in the town it was a bright sunny morning, no hotter than an English summer. The air was delightful, and the streets were full of flowers brought from the mountain. Cape Town, by the way, rejoices in a wonderful variety of heaths, some of great size and beauty. Even the mountainous coast of the Bay of Biscay, where the Cornish heath and other kinds grow in such profusion, cannot rival the Cape in this respect.

At a height of about 2500 feet the sunlight began to be veiled at times by flying mist dropping from the mass of clouds above, and we decided to sit down and enjoy the view in hopes that the sun might gather strength to dissipate the pall over our heads. It was well that we did so, for when we pushed on to the summit we had to face a storm of wind and rain which swept fiercely down the narrow gorge and across the tableland above it. But from the lower level, below the clouds, the view was very beautiful.

To the westward, to our left, a great crag in the foreground cut away a part of the distance, but immediately below us was the town, and beyond it the blue waters of the Bay, mottled here and there with deep purple cloud shadows. Fading away to the north-west lay the long stretch of coast, and off it a low blue line in the haze, which we supposed to be Dassen Island.

As the eye travelled round to the right it rested upon ranges of distant blue mountains, and below them was the flat country dotted with villages and farms, where the Cape peninsula joins the mainland of Africa.

Three hundred years ago English ships began to sail into the Bay, and two adventurous captains annexed it for the English Crown. Looking down upon the blue waters where the great Australian liner lay, one could imagine the little storm-beaten high-pooped ships, of a hundred tons perhaps, drop-

ping anchor and furling their sails, glad to be at peace after months of buffeting in the Atlantic. But the bold sailors were before their time; their Government did not support them; and the Bay passed to other hands, not to return to ours for nearly two centuries.

It was across the plain to the right that the old Dutch settlers gradually pushed forward, planting their vines and their vegetable gardens, and fighting with the Hottentots and Bushmen and wild beasts. The poor Bushmen and Hottentots are nearly gone now, and the wild beasts too, alas! Where the train runs the lions used to fill the night with their roaring, and great herds of zebras and antelope covered the plains. The settlers were few, and made way very slowly. When they finally came under British rule they were less than thirty thousand all told, and few of them had ever crossed the mountains fifty miles away. With British rule came a remarkable increase of population, but South Africa remained a slow-moving backward country, and the Cape Town of my father's young days was apparently little different from the Cape Town of poor Lady Anne Barnard's graphic description.

### III.

#### KIMBERLEY.

The first thing that woke South Africa from its long sleep was the chance discovery of diamonds at Kimberley forty years ago. A rush of white men followed, and after them came the railway, which has changed the whole condition of the country. Until then it was the country of the ox wagon, where the settler "trekked" slowly day after day across the plain, at the pace that his beasts could drag their heavy load, camping at night in the immense solitude, by the light of the southern stars. Now a luxurious train carries the traveller in an hour over a distance

which forty years ago would have taken him more than a day, and the hotel of civilization has taken the place of the camp on the veldt.

I started for Kimberley after some days spent in Cape Town, which the cordial hospitality of the Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, had made extremely pleasant.

It was an interesting journey, with some fine scenery. There was first the side of Table Mountain, with its crags and woods; then the open valley to the eastward, full of the vines and fields and white farmhouses of the old settlers; then the climb through some rugged mountains; and then the edge of the great plateau, the true South Africa.

The first sight of the plateau is very striking. As the train emerged slowly from the bare mountain-sides up which it had been laboriously twisting and climbing, we found ourselves on the lower part of the famous "Karoo." I have heard people speak of the Karroo as a hideous desert, and describe how one wearies of the sight of its barren plains stretching away on all sides hour after hour and day after day. A desert in a sense it is, for its fertile earth is waterless and gray, but when I first saw it, it was beautiful in its own way, singularly beautiful. Behind us was a blood-red sunset which flooded the plain with rich deep light; and in the dry air of the desert the distant hills took exquisite shades of color. No one could have watched that sunset fade into night and speak evil of the Karroo.

The configuration of South Africa is very like that of Persia, a strip of low-lying country on the sea-coast, a wall of mountains, and beyond them a vast plateau three or four thousand feet above the level of the sea, with a very dry clear air.

At De Aar Junction, so well known during the Boer War, some vandals had painted enormous advertisements across the face of a neighboring hill.

We have disfigured our beautiful English fields with these abominable things, and the Americans have done their best to ruin Niagara. It is sad to see a country like South Africa following such an example, and on such a scale.

The comfort of the luxurious train was slightly impaired that night by the form of the bed prepared for one, which seemed to be specially devised to prevent sleep. It was made rather like a book, with the sheet and blanket folded lengthwise down the middle. The fold, the back of the book, was then laid against the wall of the carriage, and you got into it by opening the volume from the outside and slipping in between the leaves. It was an odd device, and if you could not sleep there was not much use in getting up to read, because the light was not good enough. You had to content yourself with looking out of the windows at the dark plain and the bright stars, which one cannot do for many hours without weariness. My companion and I tried to find employment by constructing a set of chessmen out of bread crumb, with a dash of ink for the black men, and it succeeded well enough, though the knights' heads were apt to come off at critical moments.

To me the greatest interest of the journey next day consisted in the battlefields which flank the railway. When Kimberley was besieged by the Boers during the war, in the hope of capturing the diamond mines and Cecil Rhodes, whom they regarded as their arch enemy, Lord Methuen's force marching to the relief of the place was obliged to cling to the railway, on which it was dependent for its supplies. It was this that made his task so difficult and costly; for the enemy, knowing the line on which he must advance, could fall back from one fortified position to another, and force him to deliver a front attack. There was no possibility of manœuvring in such a

way as to avoid the heavy loss involved in these attacks upon entrenchments held by a deadly line of rifles. If he had possessed a respectable force of cavalry, able to get round the flanks of the Boer positions, there would have been some chance at least of knowing how the enemy's force was disposed, but even this was denied him. It is instructive to stand on the rocky hill at Maagersfontein, and to see how completely the whole line of advance from Modder River was overlooked and dominated by the Boers. Even so the short flank night-march of the Highland Brigade round the Boer left very nearly succeeded. In the end it failed, and the result was distressing; but if some of the critics of our "stupid" regimental officers could stand in the Boer positions here and at Colenso and other places, and realize what those officers and their men were called upon to do time after time, criticism would, I think, be changed into wonder and admiration.

Occasional repulses in attacking entrenched positions are inevitable. Stonewall Jackson said of his Confederate soldiery, "My men sometimes fail to drive the enemy from his position, but to hold one, never." That was the great feature of the Boer War. The enemy, having occupied the country before we were ready, had almost always the comparatively easy task of holding a position, strongly entrenched in advance, and our men had to drive him from it. Often, too, for want of cavalry, they had to attack without sufficient information, and at times they were inferior in numbers. That they were sometimes repulsed was nothing surprising, and most of our so-called "disasters" were mere repulses—bloody enough at times, but not defeats in the field.

Whatever our aptitude for the science of strategy may be, all history shows that our regimental officers are among



the best, if not quite the best, tactical fighters in the world. Times without number they have pulled battles out of the fire, just as our ships' captains times without number have decided the issue of naval fights. No doubt they get beaten occasionally when they ought not to be beaten; but less often, not more often, than those of other nations. President Roosevelt says of our officers of 1787: "They were imperious, able, resolute men, well drilled, and with a high standard of honor. They upheld with jealous pride the reputation of an army which in that century proved again and again that on stricken fields no soldiery of continental Europe could stand against it." What they were in 1787 they are still, and more. Another American, Mahan, referring to the charge of "stupidity" brought against them, asks the question, "Where has it placed Great Britain among the nations of the earth?" No one, I think, who has seen anything of the British soldier and his officers in war can help a feeling of deep indignation when he hears them spoken of as they too often are spoken of in England by men who are totally ignorant of what fighting means—men, moreover, who are probably too selfish to undertake the first duty of a citizen and make themselves fit to defend their country.

Almost all our "disasters" are due to ourselves, not to the soldier or the regimental officer, or even, as a rule, to the general in command. Time after time we go to war unprepared, and expect our men to do impossible things. They often do them; but they sometimes fail, and then we throw the whole blame upon their heads.

The siege of Kimberley was not creditable to the Boers. As one goes round the position, and learns the number and constitution of the defending force, one finds it very difficult to understand how it was that the enemy did not get in.

The fact was that the Boers, brave as they were, and skilful in defensive or partisan fighting, lacked, as Mahan points out, the qualities which are necessary for a resolute and efficient offensive on a large scale. This seems to have been the main cause which robbed them of success in several instances during the war, and prevented them at the beginning from sweeping the country down to the sea at Durban and Cape Town.

However that may be, Kimberley managed to hold out, and it shows now very few traces of the siege it went through.

It is a curious place, not beautiful either in itself or its surrounding country, but interesting as the centre of the world's diamond supply, which it entirely controls, and also as the centre of a certain gambling spirit which seem to pervade South Africa.

When the hard blue clay has been dug from the mine and spread out to bake and crumble under the African sun, it is difficult to believe that diamond tiaras and necklaces are hiding in those uninviting fields behind their wire fences. There is something rather fascinating about the actual extraction of the stones. The crushing of the clay in the great central "pulsator" is noisy and unpleasant, as is all machinery on a large scale to any one not accustomed to it; but when the finally crushed stuff comes pouring out of the huge machine and is thrown in little handfuls upon the sloping tables, down which it is washed by running water, the spirit of "shikar," of the chase, enters into one. As you stand by the side of one of the tables and watch, you see the little throbbing shallow stream carrying down bits of iron pyrites and other matter, which slide or roll into a receptacle at the bottom of the table. The tables are covered with a coating of grease, but it does not seem able, as a rule, to hold these against the slight force of

the water. Suddenly a little whitish object drops upon the top of the table with the rest of the handful, turns over, and sticks, the water running round it but failing to dislodge it. You look closely and see that it is a diamond—a clean, regularly shaped, eight-sided figure, with one flat side lying against the slope. The smoothness of its surface or some other quality makes it cling to the grease, and the water fails to move it. A certain proportion of the rubbish also sticks. After various processes the selected crushings are finally picked over by hand. I was invited to sit down before a long table, not greased or sloped, and a sheet of white paper was put down before me. Upon this was poured a handful of blackish stuff, and with a little pair of pincers I set to work to pick out the diamonds. As a rule it was easy, as they were of fair size, quite regular in shape, and colorless, or very slightly tinged with yellow. In a minute or two I had twenty. But the stones are often irregular, or small or colored, and then the work requires the skill of an expert; and even an expert's eye is apt to get tired and overlook some of the stones.

At the great Premier mine near Pretoria, which I saw later, the stones were much more irregular in shape and color, and therefore more difficult to pick out. Yet it is there that they found the huge "Cullinan," by far the largest diamond in the world.

At Kimberley, some of the colored stones are very valuable,—more valuable than the pure "white." I was shown one, of a golden sherry color, which I was told was worth about ten times as much as a white one of the same size. And some blue and pink stones are also good. But those with a slightly yellow tinge are of inferior quality. One often sees them in the East, in Persia and India, where size is the first consideration.

While at Kimberley I was taken by

a courteous member of the De Beers Company, Mr. Oates, to see the diamond washings by the Vaal River. A certain number of adventurous spirits like the life of the diamond washer. The average incomes they make are small, hardly enough to support life, but they sometimes get a stroke of luck, for the diamonds found in the gravel-beds by the side of the water are larger on the average than the stones in the clay of the mines. The smaller stones, it is said, get washed out to sea. One man not long ago found stones worth twenty thousand pounds.

The worst of such finds is that they encourage the gambling spirit. When I was at Potchefstroom I heard of several farmers along the Vaal who had taken to washing for diamonds instead of looking after their farms, and had come to trouble in consequence.

The natives in the mines who do the rough labor, digging, boring for blast holes, wheeling the clay trucks, and the like, are highly paid, and also get a percentage of the value of any stone they find. They live in compounds, where they are locked up for months at a time. This is necessary to prevent smuggling of diamonds, and the natives need not come to the mines unless they choose. Some diamonds are stolen even now. I was told of one man who had stolen, and swallowed, enough to fit out a Duchess. He was suspected, and the authorities of the mine prevailed upon him, by rather drastic methods, to restore his illicit hoard.

If I am not mistaken, the pay of the men when I was there was over three shillings a day. They seemed very comfortable and merry, and well they might be, for a few months at this rate make them rich for life. They can then return to their tribes, buy wives and oxen enough to satisfy any reasonable man, and settle down as prosperous farmers.

It seems a pity that the work cannot be done, if it cannot be done, by white men, for South Africa is badly in want of a white population. But that is a large question.

Blackwood's Magazine.

Certainly a white man could not live in South Africa on the wages which suffice for a black, who probably has, besides his wages, a home and a mealy patch in his native kraal.

(To be continued.)

## TOLSTOY.

What shouldst thou do but die,  
Titan entangled in foul circumstance?  
Too wise, too pitiful thine eye  
That in men's baseness wept their ignorance;

And with the slow sad smile  
Of him who wears Truth like a diadem,  
Fronted the clamor of the vile,  
And dared them strike at him who struck not them.

Patient as One who sat  
At meat with him that would betray his Host:  
"Resist not, be too proud for that"—  
The burden of thy message to the lost!

Maurice Hewlett.

The Fortnightly Review.

## THE HEXMINSTER SCANDAL.

By W. E. CULE.

### CHAPTER IV.

#### IS THIS A SCANDAL?

Mrs. Hellier's garden had a high gray wall in the West Road, and another high gray wall facing a narrow lane behind the National Schools. Walls of that character are frequent in Hexminster, and are in some sense symbolical of the social conditions. Those who walked behind them were shut off from the street and cottage people by innumerable laws of caste and custom, and the people in the street sometimes lived long lives through without getting a single glimpse of the domains behind the barrier. In many cases

they had no curiosity in the matter; for those high walls were a part of their environment which they never thought of questioning, like the city police-station or the Deanery. But when one left the place and grew old elsewhere, one's thoughts would turn to those remembered things with a kind of mild surprise.

"Now I wonder," said an old Hexminster man the other day, discussing the ancient city with a friend—"now I wonder what was behind that high wall in the West Road—the one with the green bottle-glass on the top? I suppose it must have been Mrs. Hellier's garden.

I must have passed the place almost every day for years, and yet the question seems never to have crossed my mind before. What a quiet life people live in some of those old English cities!"

Mrs. Hellier's house occupied the third side of the square, and the plastered side-walls of the Canonry made the fourth. Only two of the Canonry windows faced the garden, and these were first-floor windows of an unobtrusive character. The garden was well filled with old fruit-trees, and it had two garden seats. One of these was in the centre of a small square of turf, and the other was close against the Canonry wall.

On this last seat Mr. Garland sat, with Alison at the other end of it. It was Saturday, and a short day at the Westhampton Docks, where he was said to be making a fortune rapidly as a junior partner in a firm of shipbrokers. Not yet forty, he was of gentlemanly appearance and ingratiating manner, with that taste for suitable dress which is so helpful to a man in the battle of life. He had a smooth, well-modulated voice, and he never spoke hastily. At the present moment he looked grave, and assisted his thoughts by turning up the gravel with the point of his cane.

"Don't mistake me," he said earnestly, but without looking up to say it. "I do not defend Mrs. Hellier. She is—well, she is inclined to go to extremes. But I do believe that she has the best motives. And in this case I am afraid that she has some justification."

"What! justification for treatment of this kind?" said Alison coldly.

"She wishes to protect you from a man whose—whose record is not a good one."

The last words were spoken almost regretfully. Alison was flushed and indignant, but she could not fail to be impressed. Few people liked Lewis Garland—he was of too calculating a

disposition to be liked; and as he had grown up from childhood in the city, every one had some opinion of him. But every one agreed that he always knew what he was about, and in this case the studied impartiality of his pose could not but influence his listener.

"Those absurd stories!" she protested feebly.

"Your aunt does not believe them to be absurd. Indeed, she has good reason—though I dislike saying so."

"What! you believe them too?"

Garland paused. Then he said with sorrowful deliberation, "I did not wish to believe them. Why, the man is an old schoolmate of mine, and I was naturally glad to hear of his supposed prosperity. But your aunt has made careful inquiries during the last week or two, and I am bound to admit that the results justify her—her indignation."

Alison's face fell. Garland glanced at her and was satisfied; but he had more to say. Of course he did not say that Mrs. Hellier's inquiries had been made to himself.

"At the same time," he went on, "she is anxious, I believe, to be thoroughly just—even to him, and also to convince you that she has only your interests at heart; so she has taken a course which I believe is to be commended. I may tell you now that the charge against Morgan is that he is the man who tried to defraud the Kingsland Government in a large building contract. Indeed, there seems to be no doubt about it. But I have told Mrs. Hellier that she should take nothing for granted in such a case. After all, you know, the man is a native of the city. So she has applied for information to the one man who should know all about this business, and who can settle it in a word. That is the Premier of Kingsland, who is in London just now for the Colonial Conference."

Alison showed no emotion, but almost all her confidence had gone. She sud-

denly remembered that curious paragraph in the Australian newspaper—the one she had carefully refrained from reading to the old people at the cottage. It had haunted her since that fatal day when Mrs. Hellier had repeated those unpleasant rumors to her—the day of the discovery.

"He is a fine man," continued Garland quietly. "Since Seddon died he undoubtedly holds the first place among Colonial statesmen. At the moment he is the chief London lion, just as Botha was at the last Conference. . . . Well, as your aunt tells me, he has consented to see her and to give her, personally, any information she may need. And she has asked David Morgan to meet her there when she goes, so that the whole matter may be cleared up. She has told him that she cannot consider any communication from him until this is done."

Alison was startled. "She has arranged all this?" she asked in astonishment. "It is all settled?"

"Yes, I understand so—all, that is, except the date and the presence of David Morgan. He has certainly promised to be there; but we must not be surprised if he fails. No one will blame him—under the circumstances."

His tone was so colorless that it took from the malicious character of the words he used without robbing them of their weight. Alison looked up quickly.

"You will be there?" she asked.

"I have promised to try to run up—I may be of some assistance. I shall, of course, be glad if I can. You will like to have somebody there whom you know."

"Then I am to be present too?"

"You would probably wish to be, would you not?"

Poor Miss Vicars was too bewildered to reply. This careful arrangement pointed to extreme determination on her aunt's part, tempered apparently by

some new spirit of reasonableness, which she could only ascribe to Garland's influence. Though it must be unpleasant in its consequences to her, she could hardly do less than give it grateful acknowledgment. She believed that he was acting as a reconciling force in the war between herself and her imperious aunt—a miserable and unequal conflict which had now lasted for more than a fortnight.

"I—I don't know," she said listlessly.

"Of course it is unpleasant," agreed Garland with fine tact. "But you will think it over. It is only fair to Mrs. Hellier that you should be there; she believes that she is acting for your benefit; and, at the same time, she has conceded much by consenting to such an arrangement. And if the man is innocent, it is only fair to him that you should be there when he proves himself so."

He rose to go, and she rose at the same time. He was never addicted to staying too long in any company. But as they moved towards the house he made another revelation.

"Why, I almost forgot to say," he cried, "that the Rector has been consulted as to this arrangement, and has given it his hearty approval."

"He has?" said Alison slowly; and she did not know whether to feel a kind of relief or to feel that a friend had failed her.

And Garland added in a matter-of-fact way, "Certainly he has. He thought it a very proper plan. And now, as you go to London on Monday, I shall not see you again till this appointment is arranged—probably some time next week. But I want to say that I hope everything will turn out well, and just as you would wish it. And if I can do anything more to help, you may be sure I will."

In spite of her discomfort, she had never liked him so well as she did then.

when he said "Good-bye" on the thresh-old and passed on into the conservatory. The natures of the two were as the poles asunder, and she had always known it; but for some three years he had loomed large in her field of vision, and it was a field singularly bare of promise. In such an environment, and with Mrs. Hellier for a house-companion, even a girl of very high ideals might well be driven to welcome the best that offered.

As she turned back to the garden, Garland joined Mrs. Hellier in the drawing-room to take his leave. That lady was expecting a visitor.

"I think it is all right," he said. "I have brought her to look at the matter reasonably."

"You are exceedingly tactful," said Mrs. Hellier with a grim smile. "I had little hope that she would consent to be present—though I fully intended that she should."

"She will now fall in, I believe, with the arrangement. I should not think it necessary, however, to tell her of my share in it."

"I will tell her nothing. Indeed, I say as little to her as possible. Seeing that I have acted solely in her interests throughout, I consider that her attitude is most ungrateful and unbecoming."

Garland was careful not to smile. He would have liked to secure a stronger assurance of the lady's discretion in regard to his own share in the arrangement; but there was no time, a ring at the door-bell just then announcing the expected visitor.

"Very good," he said cordially. "Then I may expect a note from you when you have made the appointment with the Premier? And you may depend upon my presence, if it is at all possible. I hope—indeed, I feel sure—that everything will turn out well."

Mrs. Hellier smiled slightly. In spite of his prosperity, in spite of the fact that he was on one of her parochial

committees, and the only man in the place whom she had been brought to regard favorably as a suitor for her niece's hand (a result which he had secured by the exercise of infinite tact and patience), she could never forget that he was not of her caste. His father had been only a small maltster, and Garland himself had been one of David Morgan's class-fellows. By sheer ability he had lifted himself out of the ruck, and might claim to have passed from the street to the other side of the great gray walls; but still—

"I shall not forget," she said. "You shall have a letter or a telegram as soon as I hear. And I am sure you have taken a deal of trouble in this unpleasant business. Good afternoon."

With this grudging acknowledgment he left; but he was well content as he passed down the street. He knew Mrs. Hellier thoroughly, and she amused as much as she irritated him. In the present instance he had laid all his plans well, and they were working towards success; therefore he could afford to be satisfied.

"It will settle the fellow," he said under his breath, "whether he comes or stays away. And when he is gone I shall have no difficulty with the girl. I ought to have spoken earlier, of course; I have actually lost a couple of years because I was afraid to throw myself away. But who could have expected him to turn up; and who would have dreamed that even if he did turn up she would as much as look at him? It is astounding! But I think, my dear Morgan, it is all arranged now. We will settle the old score and the new one at the same time."

He shook himself free from the discomfiture which had lingered about him since he had first seen Miss Vicars and Morgan together on the evening of their little walk to the Mill. It had been an unpleasant shock, and had rudely roused him from his dream of



security. Since that moment, however, he had labored to some effect to put things right.

"It is bad to have a past," he moralized, "especially if one comes into conflict with a man like myself. And a past is a thing you can't leave behind you in Australia. And as for you, Miss Allison, it will do you no harm to have to look foolish before strangers—and before me. You will be humbler after." And with a contented smile he turned into the Cathedral Close.

In the meantime Miss Vicars had returned to her seat under the Canonry wall in a thoroughly dejected state of mind. A conversation with Garland always left this simple-hearted girl dissatisfied, and in the present case her sense of gratitude did not long survive his departure. It was all so straight and reasonable and plausible, this meeting before an arbitrator; but why all this care and circumstance? It was not to prove Morgan's innocence, because he did not believe him innocent; it was not to convince Mrs. Hellier of his guilt, for she was convinced already. It must be to convince her, Allison, which was not an object to be grateful for. But it seemed to be going a long way round to attain even that object; Mrs. Hellier would never have condescended to treat with the colonist for such an end as that. No; there was some other end in view, and she could not discern it. Indeed, she could not discern anything clearly, but was only conscious of ulterior motives in a web of anger and suspicion and shame. She was not aware, of course, of Mrs. Hellier's correspondence with Morgan, and of its influence in throwing that lady open to Garland's suggestions; and it could not suggest itself to her that her own humiliation was one of the results to be sought for.

Shame—that was the prevailing atmosphere of this bewildering business. Since the day of discovery she had been

treated like a criminal or an evil-minded child—confined to the house and the garden unless she went out with her aunt, and always watched with the jealous eyes of suspicion and resentment. No day had passed without some cruel reference to the man who had caused all this trouble, some fresh presentment of his supposed designs, some new hint as to the blackness of his record and the low quality of his intellect. It was no wonder that her wretchedness had increased daily, until at last she had ceased to reply to the woman's gibes, and had tried to find relief in solitary thought.

But when she began to think, she only saw that there was no kind of compensation in this absurd and wretched affair—not even a gleam of the romantic to set against its ridiculous sordidness. She had not seen him since, and had heard nothing about him but evil; and inevitably she had begun to include him at last in the circle of her indignation and resentment. Mrs. Hellier's stream of invective, Lewis Garland's regretful admissions and excuses, had not been without their natural influence. The colonist, she felt, had not behaved well, even if his record were clean and his intentions the most innocent; but a man who dressed as he dressed could hardly be expected to do better. In some ways he was an agreeable companion; but he must be lacking in the finer feelings. Otherwise—No, there was nothing in this history that could be regarded with pleasure or even pleasurable guilt.

She sat with her hands clasped listlessly, nursing her resentment and bewilderment, with a face, no doubt, cheerless and bitter enough; but suddenly a sound startled her, breaking abruptly upon the quiet of the high-walled garden. Close by, only just above her, a window was being opened, the lower sash slowly rising. It was one of the two Canonry windows, and she recol-

lected at once that the decorators were in the house. They were apparently in that room, and were about to intrude upon her privacy.

She prepared to rise and move away. But then two hands appeared, resting upon the window-ledge. They were followed by a man's head, somewhat familiar in spite of the absence of its usual covering. And a voice spoke insinuatingly.

"Excuse me, miss"—

Miss Vivars was breathless. She rose.

"Don't be alarmed," said David Morgan. "It's only me. No, you needn't look towards the house. Your aunt has a visitor; I saw her go in, and they are both busy by this time. I'll look out sharp for the first sign of danger. We must do what we can, you know, to prevent the Scandal from becoming more scandalous. Eh, miss?"

He looked down upon her, smiling, the same winning frankness in the voice, the same straight, open glance; but also, alas! the same offending wristbands, the same ill-cut suit of cheap tweeds. She did not know what to do—whether to regard him as a friend or as an enemy.

"I am afraid I must explain," he proceeded in a confidential tone that went far to disarm her resentment. By this time he was leaning comfortably on his elbows, only a few feet above her head. "I don't usually seek an interview in this fashion, you know. But I have called twice at the house, only to find everybody 'not at home.' Then I wrote twice, with much the same result; that is to say, my first letter received no answer, and the second avoided the whole question by asking whether I could keep an appointment with your aunt in London. I hope to do that; but it was very necessary that I should have a talk with you first, and so I had to find some way of getting it."

"You called at the house—and wrote?" said Alison indignantly.

"Indeed I did."

Her resentment and distrust faded away. She saw that she had misjudged him, and also that she had been kept in the dark.

And he went on good-humoredly: "So I got hold of the man who is going to paint this room, and arranged to carry his materials in. It was a task of some difficulty, I can tell you. He is a timid, fearful kind of chap. That was why I remembered him."

"Remembered him?"

"Just so. He is the man—or boy—whose signature on the sycamore-tree was cut into by Lewis Garland. I fixed him, as soon as we began to talk together, as the very same chap. And that's why I am here now."

I am a little ashamed to say that Miss Vicars' first embarrassment had vanished. Somehow there was the wine of new life in this frank, friendly, and most unconventional talk. She felt eager to listen—eager, poor, simple girl, to be persuaded. And she was comforted, too, as some poor prisoner may be when he has received a secret message of hope from some powerful friend outside.

"He told me," said Morgan, "that it was as much as his place was worth. I offered him a better place in Kingsland and his passage over; but, somehow, he didn't take to it. He's used to Hexminster and everything in it—even these high walls. He said he'd never feel at home in a place where there was no Bishop and Dean and Chapter, and no aristocracy; so I had to give up trying to bribe him. But then I remembered who he was, and reminded him of the day when I had offered to fight Lewis Garland for cutting out his name. Somehow that fetched him, and he gave in at once. It's often hard to know what sort of argument is going to win a man over. That's why it's well to have a few in reserve. See?"

The man had brought his atmosphere

with him, an atmosphere of Highland breeze and free sunshine. Alison found herself smiling at him.

"Well," he went on, "I'm not going to say much about the past, except that I'm sorry there's been such a to-do. I couldn't guess that your aunt would prove quite such a dragon, or that she would get hold of queer stories about me, or that she would have such views about low-class persons. You see, in the other half of the world we don't lay so much on those things, and I had rather forgotten. Somehow I had quite forgotten, too, that she would be bound to take me for a fortune-hunter. On the whole, I can't blame her for that."

She could smile at it all now—she could not help smiling. He was so whimsically penitent, and his boyish talk had such an effect of putting all this absurd business into its proper place. Nor had she ever before heard her little fortune referred to in such an off-hand way; it seemed to relegate her unhappy two thousand, for the first time, to a rear place in her life.

"Anyway," he went on, "since she is a dragon, I suppose we must regard her as such. And it seems that she has imprisoned the Princess between these high walls, so that no one can get at her. Now I wonder what the Princess would say if a person—we won't call him a Prince—came along and offered to take her out. Eh, miss?"

Alison did not know whether or not she was intended to laugh. She answered cautiously, after a considerable pause, "Much would depend upon the person who came."

"That's very neat," said the rough-hewn colonist. "Let us suppose, then, that the person who came was no grand Prince at all, but only a very rough sort of poor man's son. Would she refuse to listen because of that, and prefer to stay in the garden?"

This time she had no answer to give. There was certainly a vein of serious-

ness in his question and it confused her. But he did not expect a reply, and leaned out of the window a little farther.

"I'm afraid that our time is going," Morgan said. "And the Dragon may appear at any moment. I came here to say something, and mustn't go away without doing it. Do you know, I've had a rather changeful kind of life—any amount of ups and downs, and not a little raw adventure. I've always wanted to settle down, but there was at least one thing lacking. I failed to find it in Australia, though I certainly kept my eyes open. But after twenty years—twenty-two years—I came home and walked into my father's cottage; and it seemed to me that I found it there as soon as the door opened—standing on the threshold."

Apparently he was still in a whimsical mood, for the smile was yet upon his lips. Miss Vicars felt that he was going to be ridiculous now—that was surely the only word for it—and yet her heart beat stronger under an irresistible emotion. The old spell was upon her, even while she wondered why she condescended to stand there and listen. Scandal—was this the great Scandal? Was it not, rather, strange and wonderful and—beautiful? Was it not romance?

"At first," he said, "I did not notice much. I was amazed, and could not look at you. Then you shook hands with me, and I looked into your face, and you spoke to me. It was when I saw your smile and heard your voice that I knew what had happened. Then I said to myself, 'Here, by God's grace, is the one voice for me!' Then my father and mother told me about you, and of your kindness to them; and I saw that your heart was even better than your voice, or you wouldn't have treated them so. And when I learned all this I said, 'Here, by God's rood, is the one maid for me!' For I believed

that I had found the one thing my life needed, and that if you were not for me, no other woman would ever be. Do you understand now, miss?"

She did, and yet did not. She heard in a tumult of emotion, poor creature, mingled doubt and surprise, and smarting pleasure and quivering embarrassment. And while the strong voice wooed her all around, she kept her face turned away so that it might not be seen. But it is possible that she looked sweet enough nevertheless.

"Afterwards," the man continued, "I tried to see you and please you. I knew that I was only a poor man's son, and not much of a gentleman—not a bit of a gentleman; but I did try to show you what I really was, anyway, without soft words. I wanted to make you like me in spite of my faults, and sometimes I had a kind of hope that I had succeeded. Was I wrong?"

He was waiting for his answer now, she thought, and wondered what answer she could give. She might admit that she had learned to like him—that was quite true. But if she said so much, would he not misunderstand? Yet while she still hesitated, with her cheeks burning, he went on, returning to a lighter tone.

"There—now I've told you and done it! But don't be afraid. I'm not going to ask you any questions now—or, rather, I'm not going to ask you for any answer. I only want you to consider and decide before I ask you again—decide whether I shall be the one to rescue you from this garden, or will you wait for some one who will be more of a gentleman than I am?"

She felt sorry that he should be so painfully aware of his lack, and wondered whether she had ever hurt his feelings—perhaps by some incautious glance at his wristbands.

"This is a quaint garden," he said, appearing to change the subject suddenly. "The quaintness of it is chiefly

in the height of the walls. I should think, you know, that any one living always in such a place would be apt to get queer ideas of life. She (or he) might sometimes mistake unimportant things for important ones, and the other way about—using the garden as a standard, don't you see, and forgetting that the world is so much bigger. But even here, I notice, you can get a glimpse of the Cathedral spire. It must be always open and breezy up there."

She was a little bewildered, but still had a vague idea of his meaning. But he did not pursue that train of thought.

"Is there anything you would like to ask me?" he inquired gently.

She shook her head. There were many things to ask, but how could she ask them? She wanted only to be alone, to think over this strange proposal.

"Then I must go," he said. "They will wonder why I am so long putting two paint-pots and three brushes into an empty room. Good-bye—and God bless you!"

Still she could not as much as look up. She heard him draw back from the window, shutting it down. A moment later she heard him cross the room and leave it, closing a door behind him. He was gone. What a decisive way he had of doing things!

Presently the poor girl found herself trying to remember what he had said. In some respects he had spoken well; there was, for instance, the unexpected aptness of those two lines from *Enid*. And, quite unreasonably, as she recalled them something happened. Her heart found wings, and rose suddenly, like a lark, far above those tall, gray walls into a clear sky, up and up, singing as it soared, until the prison was out of sight and even the Cathedral spire had vanished. What was the note of that song—that strange, new note to her? Could it be joy?

It was only for a moment, while she sat with clasped hands and veiled eyes. Then Mrs. Hellier called "Alison!" in her stern voice from the conservatory door, and she came to earth again. It was not so easy to get out of her prison; it was not easy, even, to decide that she really wished to go . . . with him! Oh, why—why was he not a gentleman? What strange fate was it that had given him everything but the last coat of polish?

She might have been much happier if she had known the Rector's real attitude in regard to her troubles. As a matter-of-fact, that dear old gentleman had called upon Mrs. Hellier at the very height of the Scandal, and had had an interview with her upon this subject. Neither of them had greatly enjoyed it, but it is safe to say that Mrs. Hellier had liked it least. True, the Rector listened to her denunciations quietly, without making any defence of Morgan; but it cannot be denied that there was a subtle lack of sympathy in his prolonged silences. When he did speak, it was chiefly to ask questions.

"It is a very grave trouble," he said in his gentlest tone. "One needs to be very prudent. . . . Those reports about the man's character, now. Are they true beyond doubt?"

"True?" said Mrs. Hellier, shocked. "My dear Rector, do you think?"

"May I ask how they originated?"

"Certainly. They came out of an Australian newspaper. But I did not accept them until Mr. Garland had made full inquiry."

"Ah!" said the Rector thoughtfully. "Mr. Garland!"

He was certainly impressed. Had he not known these two men in their boyhood? He considered carefully before he spoke again.

"I am glad," he said, "that proper inquiry has been made. It is so important when a fellow-creature's character is at stake."

Mrs. Hellier's agreement was verbal only. It seemed to her inhuman to place the character of a common, working-class person—a perfect blockhead, too—in a first place under the present circumstances. But to meet the "dear old simpleton's" mood, she described the elaborate plan which Lewis Garland had proposed and which she had adopted. Could anything be more just or even more generous? But she could hardly help showing, too, that she thought it an extremely clever plan. Only Garland could have conceived it.

"Certainly," sighed the Rector, "it will be well to have the matter cleared up." And he added, after a moment's thought, "I will try to see the man myself in the meantime and persuade him to meet your wishes. It will be best for all parties. We shall see what he says."

Accordingly he quitted the house ten minutes later to make his way to the Green, leaving Mrs. Hellier in a turmoil of indignation, wrath, and bewilderment. But before he reached the cottage he came face to face with the man he wished to see, Morgan being on his road to the post-office. They walked a little way together, but the gossips of that same evening were utterly wrong as to the nature of their conversation. It is not true that the good Rector, white-hot with Mrs. Hellier's wrongs, ordered the fortune-hunter to quit the city at once, and so allow it to return to its condition of cloistered peace; nor is it true that Morgan, with the brutal insolence inseparable from the character of the low person, refused to take his departure, and, in defiance, told the dear old man to go to Jericho. (Some of the gossips mention another place as the suggested destination.) What actually did occur was this.

"I am sorry to hear of this trouble," said the Rector. "It is a very unpleasant business."

"One fool, sir, or one rogue, can make

a great bother," said the colonist calmly. "But I am sorry too."

"Mrs. Hellier tells me she has made a suggestion to you."

"Yes, sir. I have been considering it."

The Rector waited. There was no fencing between these two men, who trusted each other implicitly.

Then Morgan continued, "I am going to fall in with the suggestion. I need not tell you sir, that there has been a mistake, and that I shall be able to plead 'Not guilty' to these charges—or, at least, the most serious of them."

"This is good news," said the Rector. "But it is not exactly news to me. I had every confidence."

What an excellent investment that twenty guineas had been for the colonist!

"Thank you!" he said heartily. "Oh yes, I think I shall be exonerated. It is quite true that there are some grounds for the suspicions; but, all the same—And the Premier will be generous enough to put it right. I don't think much of Justyn Morgan myself; he's only a man after all, and not the little god they are trying to make him out. Their calling him a heaven-sent statesman makes me wonder where all the others at the Conference came from. Indeed, we've had words before now.

. . . But I do believe that he is doing his best, and that, in spite of any personal feeling he may have against me, he will be fair and just; so I am not afraid to face him. . . . But as

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to the other side of this business. Have you anything to ask, sir, about my relations with Miss Vicars?"

In a moment the Rector looked him straight in the eyes. "No, Morgan," he said then; "I have nothing to say to that. It rests between you two."

The colonist seemed pleased, as well he might be. "Very good, sir," he said. "Then, if all turns out well and I achieve what I hope to achieve, you will officiate at the Cathedral on our wedding-day?"

The Rector was certainly startled. He stopped suddenly, struck no doubt by the calm audacity of the man. In spite of his being of the elect, it must be remembered that he was of the old city also, and that its rulings were important to him. That was why he started, and it was this sudden start and stop that led the gossips to invent the "Go to Jericho!" legend. But it did not take him long to find an answer.

"My dear boy," he said, forgetting the flight of years, "that would be one of the happiest days of my life."

And the simple old gentleman smiled, and Morgan smiled too. Then they parted amicably, the latter going on to the post-office, and the Rector taking his way to the Rectory. But as he went he talked a little to himself, quite aloud, as his harmless manner was, so that several people heard him as they met and passed him. The gardener at the Old Lodge even caught the words of one of his remarks: "A remarkable man . . . he impresses me more every time I see him!"

*(To be continued.)*



**AMERICA IN THE PHILIPPINES.****II. THE ATTITUDE OF THE  
FILIPINOS TOWARDS THEIR RULERS.**  
(FROM OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.)

In a former article I discussed the present popular agitation in the Philippines for Immediate Independence, and saw how the Filipinos themselves believe, or pretend to believe, that they are already fit to be trusted with self-government. Not only this, but a large number of the natives, and especially those youths who have received a veneer of education in the American schools, look on the present American government with evident superciliousness, and are confident that they themselves could do the work much more prettily if they were given the chance. Americans say that the Filipino has been spoiled, that he has been petted and made too much of, and that, both politically and educationally, he has been hurried along too fast. We know how such a thing may occur elsewhere than in the Philippines; and certain it is that the Filipino has not, or assuredly does not show, any sense of national inferiority or display any reverence or affection for an American individual or institution as such. "We have not got the trick of winning the respect of the Oriental, as you fellows have"; so more than one American is likely to say to the British visitor. And it is true that the Americans have somehow missed establishing in the Filipinos any such feeling of affectionate respect as in the early days the natives of many parts of India learned to feel for the Englishman; and we are not now speaking of any respect for superior physical strength, but of the loyal regard for what was believed to be the British national character.

Politically the Filipino is already entrusted with a large share in the civil government of the islands; less large,

perhaps, in actual power than in semblance of authority, but none the less large. Municipal government everywhere, except in the city of Manila, is in the hands of natives. The administrative unit in the Philippines, with rather more autonomy than an English county and less than an American State, is the Province, and the Provincial officers are all natives, elected by the natives, with the sole, if important, exception of the Provincial Treasurers, who at present are Americans and nominated. No concealment is made of the fact that this exception is necessary, because Filipinos with a proper sense of official honesty cannot be found for the posts, the people in general not having yet risen to an understanding that an office is anything else than a source of private emolument. In the city of Manila one-half of the members, including the President, of the Municipal Board are Filipinos, but they are appointed, and the administrative authority is reserved for the American members, among whom the headships of the various departments are distributed.

**THE INSULAR GOVERNMENT.**

In national or "insular" affairs the same plan is followed, there being in effect two Legislative Chambers, of which the Upper House consists of the Commission of eight members (including the Governor-General, who sits as a member), all being appointed, four of whom are Filipinos. But the four American members are also heads of executive departments, constituting a Cabinet, as well as being members of the Upper House, one being Secretary of the Interior, one Secretary of Commerce and Police, one Secretary of Finance and Justice, and one Secretary of Public Instruction. The Lower

House, or Assembly, is elected on a restricted franchise by which only some 12 per cent. of the people are entitled to vote, and consists entirely of Filipinos. The Speaker of the Assembly, himself a native, has official precedence of all persons in the islands except the Governor-General and Vice-Governor, outranking even the General Commanding the American Army in the Philippines. No measure, of course, becomes law until it has received the sanction of both Chambers, and all measures are further subject to veto by the Congress of the United States. The power of the Lower House, moreover, is curtailed in the particular in which the strength of a popular Assembly commonly resides, namely, the power of the purse; it being provided that if in any year the Assembly fails to vote supplies the appropriations of the preceding year shall be automatically continued. Of the seven Justices of the Supreme Court four are Filipinos, including the Chief Justice. They again are appointed. Thus, while a large share of the offices are filled by Filipinos, the Government is in practice in American hands.

It is, indeed, intended that it should be so, the aim being for the present not to surrender to the Filipinos any political power, so much as to give them political training.

#### DESTRUCTION OF THE OLD SOCIAL ORDER.

When the Spanish flag was lowered practically all Spaniards of distinction or social prestige left the islands. With the exception of three or four ladies of noble families (the most eminent of whom is the wife of an universally respected Englishman) the Spaniards who remained belonged to the commercial class, and they remained for commercial reasons. This meant an almost complete disorganization of the social order. The Americans, if they recognized what was happening, made no attempt to reconstitute whatever shat-

tered remnants of a social structure were left. On the contrary, they came preaching the glad doctrine of equality. The Filipino was, to use a threadbare phrase, their "little brown brother." Some of the little brown brothers took the newcomers at their word; especially did those who were of no class in Spanish days. Others, including most of the better ones, the half-Spaniards and other *mestizos*, with the aristocratic instincts bred of three centuries of contact with Spanish rule, looked on incredulous and withdrew into themselves. It necessarily followed that, both politically and socially, men and women became prominent who had neither caste nor standing under the old régime. In the lexicon of democracy there is, of course, no such word as "caste"; so that what has happened may be entirely right and proper. But it is impossible not to feel that, in the working out of the problem which they have set themselves, the Americans have increased the difficulty of their task by the social chaos which they began by creating. It is significant and not of good omen that the interchange of social courtesies between the better elements of native society and members of the American community is still growing less and less frequent. Socially, in Manila at least, the gulf still widens.

Nor does the Oriental mind readily grasp democratic ideas all at once. In a few generations the Filipino may be able to shed his ancient instincts and unlearn the teachings of three centuries, so that he will really come to believe that one man is truly as good as another, regardless of his race or birth. In the meantime, with unkind irony, the mass of the Filipinos, only partially grasping the democratic doctrine, have failed to understand that the theory of equality applies to all races alike. They are willing to take the word of Americans that they are no better than

themselves; but they have difficulty in applying the rule to Spaniards or even Englishmen. "The Spaniards were our superiors; the Americans are our equals," is a familiar maxim. "It is a matter of the commonest observation," says a recent American writer, "that the native—especially the native who has risen to the dignity of a collar and a pair of shoes—looks upon an American as distinctly inferior to an Englishman or European. In many parts of the islands recently the name 'American' has been put to open shame."

Nor has the Filipino been influenced in this only by American doctrine. There have been things in American conduct which have assisted in the misunderstanding—things on which it may be hoped that we can touch without hurting susceptibilities. Most Oriental peoples are given to what seems to us an excess of formality of manner, an over-elaborateness of courtesy. In the case of the Filipinos this tendency had been influenced in its direction but not much modified in degree by Spanish contact and example. However the Spaniards may have failed as colonial administrators here, they lived up to their usual standard of manners; and it will readily be understood that, judged by that standard, the behavior of a majority of the first Americans to come to the Philippines left a good deal to be desired. The soldiers, the camp-followers, the miscellaneous volunteers who stayed to fill minor offices, the less distinguished politicians sent out from home, and, most serious of all, perhaps, many of the first batch of one thousand school teachers, men and women, who were drawn largely from small towns throughout the middle-western States—how were these, in the rough and tumble of the first days of the colonizing fury, to show any standard of manners comparable with those which the Filipinos had grown accus-

tomed to expect in their ruling class? "We have no time for bowing and scraping. There is too much work to do." So we will be told by Americans in the Philippines to-day. We may concede that thousands of other things are more important than are fine manners in the great civilizing work which America has here in hand; but it was the sudden shock of the contrast of their manners with those of the high-bred Spaniards who had gone before which contributed largely to the first failure of the Americans to win the respect of the natives. It may, again, be that in a few generations the Filipinos will have grown out of their mistaken aristocratic pre-American ideas and will be so Americanized as to know that a spirit of "hustle" and downright dealing, if at times a trifle uncouth, are better than an elaborate courtesy which has no sincerity of purpose behind it. Meanwhile, what one sees, and sees with regret, is that, at the outset, the Americans much decreased the weight of their authority and forfeited something of the good opinion of the natives. It cannot but be easier to influence for good even a little brown brother, and to bring him to your way of thinking, if you start by making him look up to you.

The United States has, in fact, lost ground to make up; and beyond doubt she is making it up. It is, of course, at the outset obviously difficult to reconcile the right to govern any people against their will and consent with the fundamental principles on which the American Republic is based. As soon as we allow the right of one people to hold another in even the mildest form of subjection, the American Constitution itself begins to totter. In a famous phrase of Mr. Grover Cleveland, it is a condition, not a theory, which confronts America in the Philippines. She stands pledged to evacuate the islands; but still more imperatively she

stands pledged to make the Filipinos a nation capable of self-government before she deserts them. To an observer from outside she seems to have introduced by her own act complications into the situation which make her task even more difficult than it need have been.

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duced by her own act complications into the situation which make her task even more difficult than it need have been.

## MAIL-BAGS.

NO. VI.—THE LANDLORD'S.

Henry Caldwell, Esq.,

Paradise Mansions Estate Office,  
Hampstead, N.W.

Sir,—Unless you can change the character of the other tenants at Paradise Mansions, my wife and I leave at quarter-day. I cannot understand how you can possibly allow such persons to occupy your flats. Next door to us is a person who calls himself "Lieut. McKenzie, R.N., Retired"—retired compulsorily, I should think, if he ever was in the Navy! His snoring is so terrible that we positively cannot play bridge in comfort when we have a few friends in of an evening. But this is not the worst; the other day I discovered by accident that this person, his "wife" or his servant, had been making *clandestine and illicit* use of the front-door pull which you installed, partly at my expense, for the personal convenience of my household! Could impudence go further?

I request instant action on your part!

Yours faithfully,

Napoleon Bullingdon.

(Vice-President, The Society for the Promotion of International Amity).

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Lieut. McKenzie, and in order to abate the noise of the snoring has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper

shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

Sir,—When my wife and I were considering the question of renting one of your flats at Paradise Mansions, we inquired most particularly from you as to the character and status of the other tenants. Only on receiving the most positive assurances from you on this score did we consent to take up residence.

Now, Sir, to-day I received from a Mr. Bullingdon, one of your tenants, a most outrageously impertinent letter in which he alleged that I or my wife had made *illicit* use of his front-door pull. Never in my life has such a term been applied to my actions! Note that word "*illicit*"—It is designedly insulting in the highest degree. My wife was positively made ill by it. I refuse to communicate with this Mr. Bullingdon, either verbally or by letter, and I request that you will take instant steps to ensure a most complete and ample apology from him for the use of such a grossly insolent term as "*illicit*."

Further, Sir, are you aware that this Mr. Bullingdon indulges in midnight gambling orgies with company of most dubious character and most outrageous continental behavior in connection with some so-called "society" of his? His morals I will not concern myself with, but I demand that the noise be immediately abated. At present it is impossible for my wife or myself to obtain a proper night's rest.

Yours truly,

Angus McKenzie  
(Lieut. R.N. Retired).

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell is exceedingly sorry that such unpleasantness should have arisen. He is taking up the matter most energetically with Mr. Bullingdon, and in order to abate the noise of the meetings has given immediate orders that another layer of wall-paper shall be added to the thickness of the party-wall.)

Dear Sir,—If you can't stop McKenzie and Bullingdon blackguarding one another on the stairs all day long I shall have to call in an Inspector of Nuisances. I can't hear myself compose. Yours (what's left of me),

G. H. Strauss.

P.S. Be careful with my initials—don't mix me up with the other fellows.

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell has the very deepest sympathy with Mr. G. H. Strauss, and takes this opportunity of reminding him that his last quarter's rent is still unpaid.)

Dear Sir,—We beg the favor of your kind attention for the novel forms of insurance described in the accompanying booklet enclosed herewith. On perusing same you will note that we beg  
Punch.

to offer you protection against collapse of party-walls, floors or ceilings, whether caused by removals of furniture, vibrations of passing motor-buses or excessive piano practice; escapes of gas, water, electricity and household pets; leakages in roofs, cisterns and petty cash; and rise of local rates up to maximum of 15s. in the pound.

Hoping to receive your esteemed proposals, We are,

Yours faithfully,

The Landlord's Friend, Ltd.

(Answer: Please quote rates against escaping tenants.)

Dear Sir,—I am directed by the Deputy-Assistant-Inspector-General of Form IV. to acquaint you that your answers to sub-sections K, Q and W2 are considered most unsatisfactory. Unless the enclosed duplicate form is filled up and returned in a satisfactory condition within seven days from date, vigorous measures will be taken.

Yours faithfully,

The Assistant Secretary to the Deputy Assistant Inspector-General.

(Answer: Mr. Caldwell begs to cancel all his previous, and future, answers to Form IV. He is giving up landlording.)

## CHRISTIANITY AND DIVORCE.

The evidence given before the Divorce Commission on Monday was of exceptional interest, as it set forth the teaching of the New Testament on divorce as interpreted by Dr. Sanday, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Oxford, and Dr. Inge, the Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity at Cambridge. The chief passages of the New Testament dealing with marriage and divorce (the Revised Version and the Revisers' Greek Text being used) are the following:

Mark x. 11, 12.—"Whosoever shall put away his wife, and marry another, committeth adultery against her; and if she herself shall put away her husband, and marry another, she committeth adultery."

Matt. v. 32.—"Every one that putteth away his wife, saving for the cause of fornication, maketh her an adulteress: and whosoever shall marry her when she is put away committeth adultery."

Matt. xix. 9.—"Whosoever shall put away his wife, except for fornication, and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that marrieth her



when she is put away committeth adultery."

Luke xvi. 18.—"Every one that putteth away his wife, and marrieth another, committeth adultery: and he that marrieth one that is put away from a husband committeth adultery."

1 Cor. vii. 10, 11.—"But unto the married I give charge, yea not I, but the Lord, That the wife depart not from her husband (but if she depart, let her remain unmarried, or else be reconciled to her husband); and that the husband leave not his wife."

The opinions of Dr. Sanday and Dr. Inge may of course be taken as those of thoroughly responsible men, and of men who have an eminent knowledge of the precise meaning of the text on which their opinions are based. When we say that their opinions accord with common-sense, and appear to be perfectly practical without in any sense surrendering the trust which they have in their keeping, we pay the highest possible tribute to the Church of England.

Before offering his opinion Dr. Sanday explained the relations of the three Synoptic Gospels to one another in order to draw up a scale of values, or, to put it differently, to justify the preference of one passage to another. It is generally held, as he said, that St. Mark's Gospel, or something very like it, was used by St. Matthew and St. Luke in writing their Gospels, and that St. Matthew and St. Luke employed a certain amount of freedom in reproducing this original. In St. Mark the prohibition of divorce is absolute, and St. Luke agrees with this absolute prohibition; so also does the sense of the two verses quoted from the First Epistle to the Corinthians. But it is generally held that, besides St. Mark's Gospel, there was another document which formed the common ground of those parts of St. Matthew and St. Luke which have no parallel in St. Mark. That document, as to the existence of

which at one time there can be very little doubt, is generally symbolized by the letter Q. In coming to a conclusion as to the teaching of our Lord on divorce, it is necessary to ask the question: Did our Lord speak exclusively in the terms attributed to Him by St. Mark, St. Luke, and St. Paul? Or did He speak also in the sense of the two passages in St. Matthew? Dr. Sanday explained that, in the presence of these discrepancies, he concluded that in certain circumstances and under certain conditions our Lord laid down a general principle, but that in other circumstances and under other conditions He stated the same principle with reservations. In other words, he held that our Lord sometimes stated a positive rule, and sometimes expressed a moral ideal. Take the Sermon on the Mount. St. Matthew v., verses 27 to 32 deal with adultery and divorce, verses 33 to 37 with oaths, verses 38 to 41 with resistance to injuries, and verse 42 with borrowing and giving. The precepts on giving and borrowing are these: "Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away." Now it is obvious that it would not be possible in the conditions of our own day to apply these last precepts literally without doing much more harm than good. That is to say, such precepts represent a Christian ideal, not a positive rule.

The logic of the matter, therefore, is that our Lord's use of unqualified language on one occasion did not preclude Him from using qualified language on another. Applying this logic to the national life of to-day, Dr. Sanday comes to the conclusion that the recognition by Christians of a lofty and unqualified ideal does not necessarily prevent the State from legislating upon the lower level, as it were, of a positive rule. Christian people need not feel that the State is false to the Christianity it professes in administering within rea-



son a practical system of divorce.

Dr. Inge's evidence was on similar lines. He thought that in the words so variously reported in the Gospels Christ intended to inculcate a higher view of the sacredness of marriage than was held by the Rabbis of either school. Christ never intended to lay down hard-and-fast rules. Dr. Inge, however, felt sure that Christ would never have sanctioned the notion that either a husband or a wife was released from the marriage compact by unfaithfulness in the other partner. Yet the doctrine that marriage was in all circumstances indissoluble could not, he admitted, be proved from the New Testament. Although some members of the Church of England maintain that no divorce should be granted in any circumstances, he considers their argument historically untenable. The experience of all Christian Churches in all ages has proved it to be unworkable. Dr. Inge went on to state a theory, not at all likely to be adopted by the State, that adultery, as a violation of the contract guaranteed by the State, should be held a misdemeanor to be punished by imprisonment. As regards the innocent party to a divorce, he considered that the rule of the Orthodox Church should be adopted, and that the clergy should be compelled to solemnize, and allowed to contract, such marriages.

On Tuesday, Dr. Denney, Professor of New Testament Theology in the United Free College of Glasgow, presented an argument which had a remarkable resemblance to that of Dr. Sanday. Our Lord, he said, asserted the divine idea of marriage without any qualification, but the New Testament contains, properly speaking, no legislation. It does not give a divine sanction to divorce for any cause, but on the other hand it does not exclude divorce as a legislative remedy in certain cases. Nothing in the law should tend to disparage the Christian ideal of marriage as a perma-

nent union, yet the law has to take account of the fact that sometimes marriage is unquestionably destroyed.

Surely the sound sense of these authoritative conclusions will commend them to the vast majority of people as serving the highest interests of morality. This theory of the parallel existence of an ideal principle and a positive rule, the latter always being informed and illumined by the former, seems to us to produce much better results than the apparent rigidity of the Roman Church. Such sincere and impartial evidence as that which we have been quoting justifies the existence and the retention of our present Divorce-laws. For our part, however, we should like to see them amended so as to make divorce obtainable by women on exactly the same terms as by men. It will be argued that as there is no parity between the injury done to the family and society by the disloyalty of a woman to the marriage contract and the injury done by a man by disloyalty, equality in the facilities for divorce would be illogical and harmful. We cannot agree, though no doubt in practice women, who in most cases have materially far more to lose than men in the break-up of a marriage, will always be much slower than men to avail themselves of the opportunity of divorce. If a woman were anxious in spite of this to be freed from her husband, there would be sufficiently good proof that she wished to release herself from intolerable misery or humiliation. The material difference between the stake of the husband and the wife in the marriage contract would unquestionably reproduce itself in the use made of the Divorce-laws. We cannot, therefore, agree with Dr. Inge that a man should be able to divorce his wife for a single breach of the contract, but that a wife should not be able to divorce her husband without proving frequent breaches. The recommendation that

an isolated breach of the contract by the husband should be punished by imprisonment seems merely fantastic. If the happiness of married persons depends upon mutual respect, it appears unreasonable to expect a considerable number of women to live happily with ex-gaol-birds. Even with the modification we propose of our present law, there would no doubt be cases of intolerable unhappiness which could have no legal end; but these are precisely cases in which, as was said above, the positive rule must be directed by the ideal principle. If the institution of marriage as a sacred tie indissoluble except for a breach of the essential contract—which breach destroys the mutual pledge on which the status of marriage rests—is to be maintained, it is inevitable that some sacrifice should be made to that institution. Wherever the conception of the contract of a sacred, spiritual, and permanent bond is relaxed, the marriage contract is played with as though it were a mere conveying document. It is not a long step to the caricature—not so much of a caricature either—of the American Divorce-laws provided by Mr. Dooley:—

"In Kentucky baldness is grounds f'r divorce: in Ohio th' inclemency iv th' The Spectator.

weather. In Illinye a woman can be freed fr'm th' gallin' bonds iv matrimony because her husband wears Congress gaiters; in Wisconsin th' old man can get his maiden name back because his wife tells fortunes in th' taycup. In Nebraska th' shackles ar-re busted because father forgot to wipe his boots; in New York, because mother knows a Judge in South Dakota. Ye can be divorced f'r anything if ye know where to lodge th' complaint. Among th' grounds ar-re snorin', deafness, because wan iv th' parties dhrinks an' th' other doesn't, because wan don't dhrink an' th' other does, because they both dhrink, because th' wife is addicted to sick headaches, because he asked her what she did with that last ten dollars he gave her, because he knows some wan else, because she injyes th' society iv th' young, because he f'rgot to wind th' clock. A husband can get a divorce because he has more money thin he had; a wife, because he has less. Ye can always get a divorce f'r what Hogan calls incompatibility iv temper. That's whin husband an' wife ar-re both cross at th' same time. Ye'd call it a tiff in ye'er fam'ly, Hinnessy."

That is a ghastly picture; but sooner or later it is bound to be a true one whenever causes other than the destruction of marriage by infidelity are allowed as grounds for divorce.

### BALLYGULLEM.

As the elections approached, Mr. O'Groany M.P. was pressed by his friends to "do something," and he understood. It was the delicate way of telling him that there would be rivals at the local convention, and that, as he had not specially distinguished himself in "the House," it remained for him to do so in the constituency, where there were patriots as eloquent who had been to gaol several times since he was there. He thought over the matter, and the

more he thought the more difficult he found it. His division of the county was almost stupidly free from trouble, a serious reproach to his statesmanship. Where was his claim on public confidence? With the situation in his own hands, he had allowed life to lapse into such order that a man might be returned for Parliament without a single crime to the credit of his career, in which case all would agree that the cause of Ireland was lost in so far as

the constituency was concerned. It had even been noticed by the Junior Assistant Whip, who said that if the lack of patriotism continued he must bring it under the notice of the party.

Mr. O'Groany was not by preference a law-breaker. Indeed, there were moments when he wondered why the cultivation of outrage was necessary to the welfare of Ireland; but, like a good Irishman, he had been brought up to believe much that he could not understand, and to settle doubts by his confidence in authority. Good soldiers do not inquire into the rights and wrongs of the battle, and, after fully ascertaining the influences against him, Mr. O'Groany decided to go to gaol in order to retain his seat in Parliament. If his imprisonment covered the period of the elections, so much the better. The people would not desert him while he lay on the plank bed suffering for their freedom, and his election would cost much less than if he remained out. He called a public meeting and made a carefully calculated speech, but the Government mischievously declined to prosecute him, as if to assist the conspiracy against his political career. He must go farther, and decided on a cattle drive, which he meant to lead in person. The time was running short, and he could not trust the Government to do the right thing unless forced.

The constituents did not really believe in cattle driving, but like their Member they would defer to higher guidance, and he was their guide, as the Whip was his. He fixed the night and found his men. The cattle to be driven were five miles away. When the boys were about to start they were joined by Mr. Dan Foody, the man who stood first favorite against Mr. O'Groany at the coming convention. Since the last election Mr. Foody had been in gaol for the cause three times, and had a right to his share in any enterprise for the freedom of Ireland.

Besides, he was the only man among them who knew the farm from which the cattle were to be driven. Not a man could think of refusing his help, and yet it might defeat the whole purpose of the drive. If the two went to gaol together, where was Mr. O'Groany's advantage? He was much pleased, and not less surprised, when he found Mr. Foody prepared to retire from the expedition after having led them to the cattle. It was generous of Dan, Mr. O'Groany thought; but Dan had his motives.

Dan had the great advantage that he could go to gaol when he liked, even while Parliament sat, as he had his brother on the Petty Sessions Bench, as Chairman of the District Council. On the Bench, this brother had voted every time for Dan's conviction, securing for himself a high place in the esteem of the Government while securing for Dan a still higher place as a patriot. Such a far-sighted family might well prosper, and the Foody following had grown strong, with a corresponding increase in the business at their mother's pawnshop, where a very large number of the voters were bound to the clever brothers by a surprisingly small sum of outstanding capital, at the pawnbroker's rate of interest, not to mention the gains at the public-house attached, where Miss Foody added her formidable charms to perfect the family plan of campaign. As the only son of an evicted farmer Mr. O'Groany could command no such base of operations, and the once magic initials of "M.P." had all but lost their electoral value unless reinforced by powers of mind and pocket that were equally out of the reckoning for the sitting candidate. The Party stood to accept the man selected by the local convention, and of course neither candidate ever thought of submitting a statement of his principles. Irish elections were not won that way.

Next to the farm which Mr. O'Groany meant to clear there was another, also a grazing farm; and only six months ago the bishop had got possession of this, stocking it himself, a fact which was known to Dan and to no other man among them. The hour came, and so did the men. Dan led them to the fence and turned home. Mr. O'Groany congratulated himself. At last he saw how he could get ahead of the Foodys. He drove out all the animals and took them a long way, but he was disappointed in not having met a single policeman, and his faithful comrades, not quite understanding the drift, would not incriminate him. The next day the news spread through the constituency, and as nearly everybody gave Dan the credit for it, Mr. O'Groany mounted a cart in front of his door in the town of Ballygulleem and in a very patriotic speech, in which he denounced all owners of grass farms without distinction, declared that he, and he alone, had led last night's drive. When he returned to his house he found the sergeant there waiting for him, and said: "The summons, I suppose? Let me have it."

"Sorry to say I have no summons," said the sergeant; "his lordship has decided not to prosecute."

"What!—what lordship?" asked the Member.

"The cattle you drove last night belong to the bishop."

The Ballygulleem campaign was becoming complicated. Mr. O'Groany had not only driven the bishop's cattle; he had denounced the bishop, not knowing, of course, that he had done it. Worse still, he could not go to gaol for it. The sergeant having left, the Member sat down to review his position. Was there no further way he could break the law? He might go out and smash a window, but every man in Ballygulleem who had a window was a sound Nationalist, not to mention many

who had no windows. He might burn a haystack, but all the haystacks belonged to Nationalists. The only other grass farm in the constituency was the one he had missed last night, and there was no use going back to it. The police had defeated him. The Government had defeated him. The bishop had defeated him, and Dan Foody had—the Member's description of Mr. Foody had better not be printed. It was clear he must "do something," but he could not see what to do, and there was no use now in reflecting that it was mainly his own fault. Night came, but no relief, and the Member went to bed more than ever convinced that if he did not get into gaol he must get out of Parliament.

There was one thing in favor of Mr. O'Groany; he had three days before the next Court of Petty Sessions; three days to "do something," and one of these the fair day, when things might be expected to happen. There might be cattle on sale from the grass farm, and he could boycott them in the fair, which would be a matter for immediate arrest—the police could have no choice. The fair came, but no cattle from the grass farm, and Mr. O'Groany went about all day trying to "do something"—accompanied by Dan, who could not on such an occasion allow himself to be behind in any brave undertaking for the benefit of his country. Neither of the statesmen really found pleasure in doing anything very wrong. They were by disposition and preference peaceful citizens. Yet both wanted to go to gaol. At least Mr. O'Groany did, and Dan would not be less a patriot. They might have "paired" out of prison, but that would leave an unfair advantage to Dan, who had had time to go to prison while the other had been at his duties, "on the floor of the House."

The people were still less disposed to mischief than the candidates, but they felt bound to prefer law-breakers in po-

sitions of trust, especially in Parliament. Leaders and followers all were unanimous for peace, but the man among them who admitted it would be denounced unanimously. It would be hard to find a people more peacefully disposed, but every man expected every other man to be the offender. No one could tell why, not even the candidates, and the eve of an election was not the time to analyze it, apart from the unpopularity of the analyst among such a people.

Nearly opposite Mr. O'Groany in the same street lived Ned Brannigan, in a house of his own property, from which he had evicted Michael Mullen after due notice three months ago, not on account of rent, but because the owner wanted to live in his own house. The eviction had started in the town a branch of the Town Tenants' League, which had already held several demonstrations to denounce Brannigan. Both men were good Nationalists, but Mr. O'Groany saw that a principle was involved. That night, after the fair, and when the extra police had left, he brought Mullen with six others into his own house, and said to them: "I have made up my mind about the evictor across the way. Since the law will not do justice, I must. This night I will have the Brannigans out and the Mullens in. Can I depend on you to stand by me?" Of course he could. Two hours later, in possession of Brannigan's house, with the doors barred and the family in the street, he addressed a cheering multitude from the middle window, while Dan, who had climbed in by a back window, was stoutly resisting and assaulting the po-

*The Saturday Review.*

lice in the execution of their duty with the more determination because he had been excluded from the initial attack. The Member was arrested, of course, and went to the lock-up enjoying a sense of final triumph, which was turned to disgust when he found Dan there before him.

The court day came and, as usual, Dan's brother had manned the Bench to secure himself the casting vote. The double charge presented by the Crown solicitor was conspiracy and felony, with the additional charge of assault against Dan, who stood to get the longer sentence and to come out the greater patriot, so that Mr. O'Groany might be relatively worse off than if he had left the Brannigans alone. The lawyers on both sides made great speeches with a pathos worthy of the Four Courts; but, as in all such cases, the decision had been settled before the Court sat. The stipendiary magistrates would have convicted both, but Dan's brother got Dan sent to gaol and Mr. O'Groany acquitted. There was loud cheering in Court, and Mr. O'Groany was carried to his home on the shoulders of the people without the least intention to mock his defeat. The day of the convention came, and Dan was adopted by a decisive majority. In due course he came out of gaol and entered the House of Commons, where he was introduced to the Speaker by the Junior Assistant Whip with applause from the Nationalist benches. Mr. O'Groany stayed at home and took to drink to sustain his hope for better fortune at College Green, but he never took a drop with Miss Foody.



## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Trine's "The Land of Living Men" is in great part a reprint of "The Fire of the Hearth" which was printed three years ago, and as formerly its object is to investigate certain vicious agencies at work in society and the government, and to show how they may be brought to an end and replaced by others more salutary. It is written with absolutely no technicalities and with much gentleness and good feeling. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

Mr. Charles Major set himself a very difficult task in "The Little King," in endeavoring to portray what might have happened to Louis XIV. if his mother and the Cardinal had been blind and deaf to all that was going on in the palace during his boyhood. However, he has arranged a rather pretty romance in which a benevolent Jew takes the chief part; and he has made the king's unfaithful nurse very attractive in her naughtiness, but the note of unreality is everywhere too strong for older readers to give the story that sympathetic admiration which one likes to extend to the books read by the children of the household. The Macmillan Company.

Professor James Edward Le Rossignol, professor of economics in the University of Denver, and Mr. William Downie Stewart, barrister at law at Dunedin, New Zealand, have combined to write a critical account of some phases of "State Socialism in New Zealand." Their intention has been to show what has been accomplished in the training of citizens while discussing the various interests paramount in the land. When it is remembered that New Zealand and Australia have gone far on the way to socialism; and also that the two originate many a financial

storm, the importance of such a book can hardly be over estimated. Its authority is the year books of the Dominion, parliamentary debates, the newspapers and a few books by private individuals, and the position of the two authors makes it evident that it has been written carefully. T. Y. Crowell & Co.

The roll of honor of Mr. Deltus M. Edwards's "The Toll of the Arctic Seas" (Henry Holt & Co.) is its chapter headings: Barentz, Hudson, Behring, Franklin, Kane, Hayes, Hall, Nordenskjoeld, DeLong, Greeley, Nansen, Andree, Sverdrup, the Duke of the Abruzzi, Amundsen, Ehricksen, Peary, but of course it gives but the merest sketch of the magnitude of the sacrifice made by the civilized races in the cause of science or for gain, and in a few cases for humanity. When one reflects upon the horror of suffering behind the name of each expedition, not only the torture of cold, but the petty, ignoble discomfort, the price paid seems far too great and one is tempted to rebel that life should be held so cheap, even in the cause of science. Mr. Edwards writes with enthusiasm of his subject, and has illustrated it with portraits of distinguished American travellers and other pictures, among them those of various animals peculiar to the region and maps showing explorations toward the North Pole, the Lena Delta, Camp Clay and the Greeley Hut.

"Burning Daylight," the title of Mr. Jack London's latest novel, is popularly supposed to be his hero's name but in reality it is a nickname derived from his habit of protesting against any tardiness of decision as "burning daylight." He persists in this habit from his lean days to the time when he has thirty millions to sacrifice for love. In the interval he lives through all the



adventure that the North and the Northwest can offer a man. His early story is a little monotonous, but, as it develops, it gathers variety and the study of his originality becomes highly agreeable. Mr. London has never written anything better, unless possibly his first dog story, and in this book he has dropped two or three ugly mannerisms assumed with the apparent intention of showing independence of rhetoric and grammar. His hero, not being half obscured by petty faults of diction, appears clearly as a person worth knowing, as a portrait of a type newly become possible in America. The Macmillan Co.

Miss Irene A. Wright's "Cuba" is the product not only of ten years of opportunity to observe the island and its people, but of ten years during which the author's duty compelled her to exert all her faculties upon observing it correctly, for she was a newspaper correspondent, a magazine writer, and a special agent of the Cuban department of agriculture. As a consequence, her book is better than a whole library written by irresponsible tourists. She calls the island the land of topsy turvy and "Cuba libre" a farce, and her reasons for the former assertion are overwhelming in number and for the latter they are ponderous in weight. She takes her readers on a journey, around the entire coast, and she gives them about a hundred pictures of typical Cubans. Best of all she has nothing to say about controversial matters except a note on the apparent indifference of the people to the privilege of church going. Her book may very well supersede its predecessors, and preclude the possibility of writing any new books, and it is a necessity in the equipment of geography classes. The Macmillan Company.

It is the working-man's wife now who is presented to him, by several au-

thors, not only as far more intelligent than he is but as capable of managing him and their entire little world to much better advantage than he can. The relations of the husband and wife in "Jim Hands" are interestingly handled, in spite of an occasional tendency to force a burlesque note, but it is the father to whom the author is really preaching, and he shows him that the daughter who has grown up under his eye has inherited all his experience and theorized from it so cleverly that she does not need his help in dealing with the rich man's son who pays court to her. The moral for the general reader seems to be that the American woman is perfectly competent to take care of herself, a point on which few of us have ever doubted. The gentle comedy that results from endowing a poor girl with the scruples and breeding to be expected from one reared among conventionalities is so delicately treated that it should not offend any one, and upon the whole Mr. Richard Washburn Child has made his first novel a very pretty and gracious piece of fiction. The Macmillan Co.

Mr. Walter Prichard Eaton has given his "The American Stage of To-day" a supplement in a volume entitled "At the New Theatre and Others," a group of studies of the work done at theatres of exceptional character and by actors and managers with minds and the will to use them. The book will be found decidedly agreeable by those who prefer originality and independence to programmes and casts carefully shaped, trimmed and modified in accordance with all other programmes in a beautiful mosaic extending from ocean to ocean and from the Lakes to the Gulf. It is true that the mosaic may have a few more scenes or a better wardrobe, or finer "properties," and may include tickets at a lower price, but the entire stage atmosphere of the New Theatre

tends towards originality and individuality and is deeply agreeable. In the closing chapters of his book Mr. Eaton has collected a group of papers on subjects related to one another although actually detached and offering pleasant prospects for a dramatic future of which the book itself is not the least significant harbinger, for it is real criticism, not merely "descriptive matter" or advertisement. Small, Maynard & Co.

To attempt discussions of the problems presented in Mr. B. L. Putnam Weale's "The Question of Color," or even to essay a brief condensed presentation of his arguments is to be unjust to an elaborate, instructive, and valuable work, in which every ramification of its theme is carefully traced. It is not with a single color, but with all the colors worn by human beings, that Mr. Weale concerns himself, and those accustomed to think of the subject as having but few aspects, may well be dismayed by the vastness of the field to which their attention is directed. In the consideration of the flux and reflux constant between races of different colors, and its possible ultimate result, little matters like the racial affinities of the Filipinos, or the comparative superiority of one Mongolian race to another, are of small weight. On the other hand, the earlier chapters of the world's history become of greater importance, since it is only from them that those yet to be written may be divined. Mr. Weale uses over eighty pages in a general introduction and then, with a chapter entitled "How Color Divides the World of to-day" discusses the yellow world of Eastern Asia, and the brown world of the Middle East and of the near East. The black problem is discussed in a brief chapter, and a chapter of general conclusions follows. It will be seen that there is very little, if any,

authoritative history not included in this plan, and it will also be seen that it includes none of the appetizing gossip so often offered, but is serious and dignified from first to last. The Macmillan Co.

In writing of "Samuel Rogers and his Circle," Mr. R. Ellis Roberts has preferred to regard the man rather than the poet, and especially to define the principles of the whig-party and to give an idea of the theories actuating the revival of English literature in Rogers's early days. Accordingly, after devoting a chapter to "The Pleasures of Memory" he writes at length of the poet's social movements, of his acquaintance with painters and politicians, and of the many changes of literary fashion coming under his observation. In his time, the man in the opposite political camp was so definitely understood to be a villain that to refrain from attacking him was treason, and it is no easy task in reading the reviews and the political journals of his day to decide where slander begins. Rogers, although capable of driving a penetrating dart, preferred to spend time upon its elegant pointing, and although Mr. Roberts has many good stories to tell, their number is smaller than the length of the poet's life might lead one to expect. Reasonable above all things, wise, and secretly lavishing kindness on the needy and unfortunate, he is a comparatively agreeable figure in a period uncommonly devoid of well-poised personalities. He was not a symmetrical character, but his eccentricities were not vicious, and to read this book is to meet one distinguished from his contemporaries by wholesome thought and performance. Portraits and views from the best sources illustrate the volume. E. P. Dutton & Co.





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